Maine Farmer.

AGRICULTURE, MECHANIC ARTS, LITERATURE, NEWS, &c.

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Maine Farmer.

EZEKIEL HOLMES, GEO. E. BRACKETT, } Editors.

Our Home, our Country, and our Brother Man

Sour Milk for Cows---Garget Theory---Query.

Can the editors or readers of the *Farmer* inform us whether sour milk is beneficial or otherwise, for milch cows? Having a cow that will eat almost anything that is usually given to hogs, my folks have occasionally given her a pail of sour milk, when there was a surplus on hand, and almost every instance of the kind has been marked by a diminished quantity of milk for two or three milkings after. Is this the effect of the sour milk, or is it some other unknown cause? Any information upon the above subject will be acceptable to the subscriber, and possibly it may be of service to others. G. T.

Vassalboro', 8th mo., 14th, 1863.

We know of no definite and carefully conducted experiments made with a view of making certain the effects of feeding sour milk to milch cows. It is, however, the general opinion of dairymen, that it is detrimental—that it has a tendency to bring on "garget," as it is called, which is generally preceded by a diminution of the flow of milk. And here we have a theory of our own in regard to garget in cows, which we will give for the purpose of exciting inquiry in others, and with a view of accumulating facts for or against it—we care not which, provided truth be elicited.

The disease in cows called "garget," is a coagulation of the milk in the udder, accompanied with more or less inflammation, according to the severity of the case. Our theory is—that this curdling or coagulation of the milk, is caused by too much free acid in the milk which is in the udder, and this excess of acid is produced by some food or other, or by some peculiar condition of the stomach of the cow, which secretes the acid which mingles with the chyle, and by this with the blood, and is mingled thereby with the milk secreted by the udder from that blood. After the milk is thus coagulated in the bag, it acts as a foreign body and irritates and brings on inflammation of that organ. We will now give such reasons as we have for this opinion. Milk, when freshly drawn from the cow, oftentimes contains a portion of free acid—not enough to be perceptible to the taste, nor enough to curdle the milk, but sufficient to change litmus paper from its blue to a red color, which is the most delicate test of the presence of acid.

On pages 88 and 89 of the excellent report of the Secretary of our Maine Board of Agriculture, (S. L. Goodale) made last year, you will find that the presence of free acid in new milk is fully demonstrated. The discussion there, is in regard to the changing or separating of the curd in cheese making, and the writer says: "I have myself several cows whose milk, when drawn, distinctly reddens litmus paper, and I have known scores of others to do the same, thus showing an appreciable amount of free acid when quite new; nor does this milk curdle, or become appreciably sour to the taste sooner than other milk."

This proves that, either naturally or unnaturally, there is, sometimes at least, a tendency in some cows to secrete acid with their milk, in quantities sufficiently free and strong to be manifested by chemical tests.

We know that a sufficiency of almost any free acid will curdle milk. May it not therefore be the case, that, while a very little free acid thus secreted apparently does no harm—a little more will do mischief and cause or promote garget? And may not the reason why nitre (saltpeter) and other alkaline substances are good remedies for garget, be that their alkali combines with and neutralizes this excess of acid, and allows nature to resume her functions? And, may it not be the reason why garget root given to cows in this disorder acts as an alterative in the digestive organs and changes the secretions?

It is also stated in the report above quoted, that new milk also contains soda, which some think prevents the too sudden souring of milk. We know that in the summer season the addition of a spoonful of carbonate of soda to a large pan of milk will keep it sweet a long time, simply by its combining with and neutralizing the *lactic acid* as fast as formed.

We have made our friend's communication a *peg* to hang quite a "*preachment*" upon, and an occasion to broach a new theory of the cause and mode of operation of a troublesome disease in cows, and, although we have given nothing very certain and tangible in support of it,—or conclusive and definite as answers to his questions, the remarks may lead to more general and careful observation and study, and good come of it sometime or other.

In connection with this subject it may not be irrelevant to state that the proprietors of some of the large cheese dairies of New York, keep no hogs, but feed the whey to their cows. Mr. Fish of Herkimer county, who has fifty cows in his dairy, practices this to great advantage; but he says that it will not do to feed young cows with it as it will produce engorgement and inflammation of the udder.

Couch Grass.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—Can you or some one through your paper inform me how to get rid of Couch or Twitch grass, or if I cannot get rid of it, how can I retard or check its growth and spreading. O. J. T.

Bradford, Aug. 18th, 1864

NOTE. We gave a short article on this pest of the field in a late number of the *Farmer*. We know of no sure and practicable method to eradicate it. It spreads by means of underground stems, and the only way it can be headed off is to dig up these underground stems and expose them to the sun until they are thoroughly dry and dead. If left in contact with the soil they will immediately take root and flourish. Many old fields and farms are so completely overrun with this grass that it is almost impossible to cultivate hoed crops.—EDS.

Too Big a Jersey.

The Massachusetts *Plowman*, in quoting some of our remarks on Jerseys, makes us say that we have seen those that would girt *seventeen* feet. That's too large, brother, for a Jersey. Please rub out the *teen*, and cuff the *imp of a P. D.* that was so liberal with his types at the expense of our veracity.

Hints for the Season.

Haying and grain harvesting are nearly finished and the great work of the season is nearly over, still the campaign is not by any means ended, nor is there a season for total relaxation until the corn and potato crops require to be harvested. Now is the time for adding to the permanent improvements of the farm, for erecting and repairing buildings, for constructing fences, removing stones, cutting bushes, and fixing up generally.

DRAINING. This is the most favorable opportunity for draining during the year, particularly in low, wet lands, swamps, &c. Cold, clayey soils will be much benefitted by draining. But comparatively few are in a condition to avail themselves of the use of tile. Stone will answer every purpose. Where other material cannot be obtained, brush drains will pay. For stone drains dig ditches two and a half to three feet deep and from forty to eighty feet apart according to the nature of the soil, placing a layer of flat stones on the bottom and on these set large stones inclining together at the top, in this shape, ∧ and then fill in with smaller stones, brush and straw, and cover with earth.

DAIRY. If the pastures are short, feed the cows with green fodder, corn, millet, &c. Make butter for family use immediately after the hot weather. Cheese making, is most profitable in the warm weather. Cleanliness and care in all the operations are indispensable.

FODDER. Secure all grass not yet cut. Gather from swales and waste grounds, and preserve for fodder or for bedding. Cut salt marsh hay and stack near the barn if possible. Remember most anything of the plant kind will not come amiss next winter.

MANURES. Give your particular attention to collecting, preserving and composting manures. They are your bank deposit and so long as they hold out you are in no danger of starvation.—Provide muck in abundance, for your pig sty, privies, barnyards, composts, and for next winter's use. If you can obtain it conveniently, get the "wash" on the roadside, the soil in sunken spots at the bottom of hills, and what is still better, the collections in bottom of dry ponds or sloughs. Top dress mowing fields with fine manure when convenient.

GRAIN. Cut oats before they are ripe enough to shell out, as the straw will then make good fodder; also cut Hungarian grass before it ripens, as the matured seed is not safe for food. We see it recommended to go over the grain fields after harvesting, with a horse-rake, gather the "scatterings" and thresh out the gleanings for feeding to hogs.

SHEEP. Sheep are the fashionable kind of stock just now. Like everything else they require proper management to make the business pay. Keep the bucks from the ewes. Give them plenty of salt, and apply tar to their noses to repel the fly or maggot.

ORCHARDS. We cannot expect even an average crop of apples this year, as the trees last year were loaded to overbearing. The indications are that we may have a fair crop. Badding may be continued so long as the bark runs freely. Use only full, plump buds, and mark the separate varieties. Look out for trees transplanted last spring, and water if necessary. Pick up and destroy all fallen, wormy fruit.

EVERGREENS may be transplanted, though May is preferable. Choose a damp day for the operation. See article on transplanting evergreens in another column.

VEGETABLES, &c. A kitchen garden makes some work, but is a real blessing, furnishing us with vegetables fresh and new during the whole season. Thin out the beets. Gather small cucumbers for pickling. Preserve a few of the best for seed. Cut and secure herbs while in flower. Pinch off the rampant tomato stalks. Pull up and destroy all weeds before they seed. Save the best of all the plants in the garden for next year's seed.

FLOWERS. Propagate the various kinds by layers. Tie up dahlias firmly to stakes. Water if suffering from drouth. Secure seed for next year as fast as it ripens. Pack and label as gathered.

Women and Farming.

A correspondent of the Boston *Cultivator* says:

"While passing through a pleasant portion of Maine a short time since, I amused myself by putting down the occupation of a dozen or so of women, as I met them in succession. The first two were hoeing potatoes; the third was plodding along on the road bare-headed, bare-armed, &c., with a basket of vegetables; the fourth and fifth were gathering berries by the roadside. Of the succeeding three, one was raking hay, one was spreading hay, and one was on the top of a load, while a man was pitching on and driving the oxen. The next four were out in their gardens, extracting the weeds from among the plants.

Now we suppose there are individuals, who entertain such "exalted" views of what pertains to womanliness as to consider that such employment is degrading to the sex, but we can assure all such that sensible folks don't see it, in that light. During this season of scarcity of help and when thousands of our working population are drawn away to fill our armies, there can be no higher meed of praise for woman than to say that she stepped aside from her usual occupations to do what she was able to fill a position where labor was necessary. As a general thing our farmers' wives and daughters are too hard tasked in the performance of their household duties, but when time can be spared to assist in out door labors, we honor them for the alacrity with which they enter upon it, and the good sense they show in not considering themselves above it.

GUANO. Save your poultry droppings; gather it up and put it in a barrel with a sprinkling of plaster, and you will find it valuable next year about corn planting time. It is the strongest kind of manure, adding greatly to the productive energies of the soil.

JERUSALEM ARTICHOKES. If you have a patch of Jerusalem artichokes on your premises cut some of the stalks and throw them over to your pig or cow and see how readily they will eat them.

WHEAT TO CHINA. The second lot of grain ever shipped from California to China, left San Francisco lately. It was sent in bulk, to the amount of one hundred and twenty tons. The same vessel carried potatoes and flour to our celestial friends.

CRAWFORD & CO.'S
STUMP AND ROCK EXTRACTOR AND ELEVATOR.



FIG. 1.



FIG. 2.

SEE ADVERTISEMENT ON THIRD PAGE.

Communications.

For the Maine Farmer.

Jottings from Cumberland County.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—A Thanksgiving word with your readers if you please. Thanksgiving for successfully closing our haying campaign the first working day of the present week. Instead of complaining of the weather, we just mowed part of the cloudy days and took care of it when we could. In this way, with two boys, one twelve years and the other fourteen years, I have put in about sixteen tons of hay in good order, hiring only about five days help of other boys. It requires more skill to make hay at such times, with some additional time and labor, but we are quite satisfied with the results, and now enjoy a rest, or help our neighbors who waited for good weather. Many of them are sadly caught in the shower today, a great amount of hay being exposed, after three days of splendid hay weather.

Another cause of thanksgiving is the sight of the second crop where I cut early. While those who delayed get a larger first crop, after the bountiful rains of July, I have abundant promise of a second crop, where I cut the last days of June and the first of July.

Another pleasure we have in the experiment, on a small scale, of early and frequent cropping. Early in June I cut a few square rods on a sunny slope, having a wash from the house and the highway; also another similar patch having the wash from a garden. The first crop was from six to ten inches high. Early in July it was from five to eight inches high, when I cut it the second time. The third cutting of one piece was one of the last days in July, and the other I cut yesterday. The second and third cuttings, the grass, though not as tall as at first, yielded more pounds on the square rod. Each time it comes up more dense and vigorous than before. I may, doubtless, cut a fourth crop in the course of this month. The second and third crop each, will exceed the rate of two tons to the acre. Suppose now I had let the crop remain till the usual time of cutting. The grass would have been badly lodged and more or less decayed, so as to injure the quality of the hay. The sward would have been in a bad condition to secure a second crop, and I am satisfied that the two crops would not equal the three already cut in quantity, and would have been far inferior in quality. I am sure I shall get double the value by this frequent cutting that would have been realized if but two crops were cut at the usual times; and that the grass roots will be in a far better condition for the winter and next year's crop. Of course, where so much is taken from the soil, it must be well nourished. These experiments are on land abundantly furnished by the process indicated.

FLAX CULTURE. I am very glad to see an increased interest in the cultivation of flax. Maine ought to raise a large amount and have facilities for its manufacture. My wife jogs my memory at this point, and bids me look out of the window and see her experiment in flax raising. Last year I prepared flower beds in our yard, which was a thick sward, burying the turf and having a bed of clam shells under it. On the border of one of the beds, she sowed flax at the time of planting the flower seeds. It grew finely and matured its bolls at an early day, when she cut it close to the ground. The second crop grew several inches high and was cut close again. Now the third crop, more luxuriant than the others, is entirely out of blossom and the bolls nearly grown are remarkably uniform in size. She is very sanguine that two good crops of flax can be cut in an ordinary season from soil properly prepared. Has any one tried the experiment?

PREPARATION OF FLOWER BEDS. Our experiments with clam shells is a perfect success. It happened in this wise: the clam diggers were multiplying shells by the cord at our wharves, and their effluvia was something of a nuisance. We wished to raise our flower beds above the level of the door yard, so we dug out the earth to the depth of eighteen inches, filled in eight inches of clam shells recently opened, and then put a thin layer of straw or salt hay over them, laid on the turf, grass down, and replaced the earth over two or three inches of green horse manure and mingled old manure with the surface earth. It would delight you to see the flowers as they laugh in the morning dew and sunlight. The shells as I anticipated, have aided in equalizing the moisture. Many of them, like cups, held water supplied by the spring rains, so as to partially relieve the severity of the drouth that followed. Then as the rainy season came on the shells gave us a perfect under-drain, so that our flowers have had a fair chance, and they well repay the extra labor of preparation.

THE CROPS AND THE HARVEST. Since commencing this letter, I have made a journey of a hundred miles through Yarmouth, Cumberland, Falmouth, Westbrook, Gray, Windham, Standish, Baldwin and Sebago. It is delightful to witness the smiles of Heaven on the Maine farmers. The hay crop is nearly an average one. In some places it is more. A few fields where it was early cut, the crop was badly damaged, but for the most part it is secured in fine order. Still, there are numerous fields uncut, and these retain their green color and freshness far beyond what is common. The grain harvest is pressing upon the heels of the mower, and the crop is abundant. Corn waves in uncommon beauty and promise, and potatoes have not held out a better promise for many a year. Though too ill to enjoy the circuit, it was impossible to repress the constant successions of joy inspired by the harvest fields. Surely the promise of seed time and harvest is not forgotten. C. PEARL.

South Freeport, Aug. 17, 1863.

For the Maine Farmer.

Crops, &c., in Penobscot County.

Owing to the long spell of wet weather that we had in May, our crops were got in rather later than usual, and much of the planting and sowing was not done until the first of June, but everything came up well. I think there was as much planted and sowed this season as last, if not more. June was a dry month, and vegetation grew very slowly. On the 16th we had a frost which killed the most of our beans, but the greater part of the ground was re-planted and they are now looking well. The last of the month people began to be discouraged about the hay crop, and were anxious to sell such stock as they could spare, and many of them did sell for a less figure than they would now. The hay crop is now in, and we have got as much if not more than last season, and of a much better quality.

Corn looks well; I think we shall get more than an average crop. Grain of all kinds is looking well; I hear of no complaint either from rust, weevil or aphis. Farmers are now cutting their barley, early sowed oats and wheat. Potatoes never looked better than they do now, but they are beginning to want rain.

O. J. TOWNSEND.

Bradford, Aug. 18th, 1863.

For the Maine Farmer.

Letter from Illinois.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—I find your paper very interesting and convenient for posting us in regard to what our brother farmers "down east" are doing. It is both pleasant and profitable for farmers of the different sections to compare notes and experiences, and the most interesting portion of our agricultural papers are letters from the East.

I notice that you have had a dry spell in Maine, so much so as to materially injure your grass crop. We also have had our dry season; in some portions of the West it seriously affected the grass and grain crops. The drouth would have proved much more disastrous to us had not the ten previous years been wet. May also give us its usual amount of rain, followed by warm growing weather, with now and then light, local showers, giving grass and grain a start which helped them through the drouth. Our English or upland crop of hay is about an average, while our "sloughs," or natural meadows, are much above the average. All of the former and much of the latter was secured in fine condition. We had no rain through the haying season, from the 28th of June till the 19th of July.

Wheat, our great staple crop, is probably below an average. In many sections it was injured by drouth, while all of the wheat growing region was troubled more or less by the Hessian fly, chinch bug, and a new enemy, the grain aphis.

We have had fine weather through harvest, and our grain is nearly all cut and secured in shock or stack, while the busy hum of threshing machines is following closely upon the click of the reaper and header.

Without the help of the header we could have hardly secured our grain this season, as hands are scarce and wages high, being from $2 to $2.50 per day. With the header, four men, three boys and five teams, will cut and put in stack from twenty to thirty acres per day, while to cut, bind and shock twenty acres by the old method, (reaper) in this time, requires the help of ten men and two teams, the work by the latter method being much more laborious than by the former. I speak knowingly on this subject, having had a number of years experience with each in the harvest field. To illustrate the value of the header, I will cite a case which occurred in this county two years ago. A field of standing wheat was entered with a header at seven o'clock A. M., the grain was cut, threshed, hauled three miles to the depot, loaded on cars, three hundred bushels, and delivered in Chicago, one hundred and three miles from the "field of operations," before twelve o'clock, P. M. of the same day.

Corn, of which we have a great breadth planted, is doing finely, and although injured in some sections by the frost on the 13th ult., promises more than an average yield, which, with the prospect for good prices, is very encouraging to farmers, especially those who, two years since, sold their corn for twelve to fifteen cents per bushel. The weather for the past two weeks has been very favorable for corn, being hot with occasional showers. The mean temperature for the past twelve days is 79.5, the mercury running above 90 a number of times at 2 P. M., and as high as 83 at 7 P. M.; at 12, midnight, of the same day, 5th inst., 79.

Sorghum, our main dependence for sweeting, is looking well, of which, more anon. We shall have a fine crop of fruit. The Illinois State Horticultural Society holds its fair in Rockford next month—should be pleased to show you what Illinois can do in the way of fruit and vegetables. If it does not now, it will eventually stand in the front rank. Yours truly, J. W. T.

Winnebago Depot, Ill., Aug. 12, 1863.

For the Maine Farmer

Weather Crops, &c., in Iowa.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—I can say with your correspondent from Waldo County, that we are having too much wet, or rather too frequently, though the drizzling rain that he speaks of seldom occurs at this time of year in this State. I have not seen a rain storm in the summer time since I have been in the West. Our rain all comes in the form of thunder showers which are frequently accompanied by high winds, amounting almost to a tornado, overturning hay and grain stacks, and sometimes buildings. Our New England people who have never lived out West have a very faint idea of what a real thunder shower is. The weather for the past fifteen days has been hot, and a thunder shower almost every night. It has been a bad time for farmers to stack their grain, though they have succeeded in getting the most of it in tolerable good order. The farmers are now busy cutting and putting up hay, though the frequent showers somewhat retard their progress, and injures the hay.

The weather during the time of cutting grain was excellent—never was better—and if the wet weather does not injure it, the crop will be much better than was expected.

Corn must be light, yet the late rain will help it some. Potatoes are very light, the rains came too late to benefit them much. They are selling for $1,50 per bush. The sugar cane crop will be light, though the rains will help it more than any crop except the garden vegetables, as it is not more than half grown. I think what does grow this year will be likely to be worked up, while last year there were hundreds of acres that remained untouched in the field where it grew. Beans and peas we cannot raise here in this particular locality, except in the garden or near the house, for the reason that the prairie chickens will destroy them—though we have the satisfaction of keeping our table well supplied with the chickens, which by the way, are not very objectionable. More water has fallen here within the last fifteen days than we have had in the whole since last March. SUBSCRIBER.

Grinnell, Iowa, Aug. 10th, 1863.

For the Maine Farmer.

Guinea Hens---Query.

Will any one inform me where I can procure a pair of Guinea hens. I want them for the purpose of keeping the hawks at a proper distance from my barnyard fowls. G. T.

Vassalboro', Aug. 21, 1863.

Agricultural Miscellany.

Transplanting and Management of Evergreens.

The *Gardener's Monthly* for August gives the following, which comprises much information on a subject of importance:

The latter end of August is one of the best seasons of the year to transplant evergreens. The young growth of the past season has got pretty well hardened, so as to permit of but very little evaporation, and the earth being warm, new roots push with great rapidity, and the tree becomes established in the ground before cold autumn winds begin. The chief difficulty is that the soil is usually very dry, which prevents much speed with the operation; and the weather being generally very warm, the trees have to be planted in the ground almost as fast as they are taken up; so it is not safe to bring them from a distance. It is as well, therefore, to make all ready in anticipation of a rain, when no time may be lost in having the work pushed through. Should a spell of dry weather ensue—which in September or October is very likely—one good watering should be given, sufficient to soak well through the soil and well about the roots. A basin should be made to keep the water from running away from the spot, and to assist its soaking in. After being well watered, the loose soil should be drawn in lightly over the watered soil, which will then aid in preventing the water from soon drying out again.

In digging up trees great improvements have been made over former years. The great anxiety to save a "ball of earth" has given way to great care to save all the roots. All the use there can be to a "ball of earth" is to keep the roots moist during removal; but in most cases—indeed in all except very small specimens—it is found in practice that the preservation of young roots in the ball, is at the expense of the numerous fine fibrous roots necessarily left outside. The digging-fork is now the chief tool used in digging up trees; and the distance from the trunk at which the digging up is commenced is much farther off. After a circle two feet deep is dug around a tree, a few thrusts of the digging-fork under the ball lifts the whole mass over, and the soil can then be entirely shaken away.

In replanting it is desirable to use soil for filling in that is nearly dry, and will crush to a fine powder; it will then fall in all around the root spaces, and the harder it is tramped or crushed in the finer it will break and cover up the young rootlets. If the ground or weather be very dry, water may be poured in heavily, to assist in packing the soil well about the roots, letting it soak away well before filling in the remaining soil, and putting in this soil very loosely, and without pressure, according to directions we have so often given in these pages.

Transplanting evergreens in August and September cannot well be done in any case where the trees have to be packed in boxes or bales to reach their destination; as the chances of drying up in such hot weather as we usually get in these months overbalances the advantages of the rapid push of new fibres by the trees at this season.

Towards the end of the month, and in September, evergreen hedges should receive their last pruning till the next summer. Last spring, and in the summer when a strong growth required it, the hedge has been severely pruned towards the apex of the cone-like form in which it has been trained, and the base has been suffered to grow any way it pleases. Now that, in turn, has come under the shears so far as to get into regular shape and form. It will not be forgotten that, to be very successful with evergreen hedges, they ought to have a growth at the base of at least four feet in diameter.

Cranberries.

Three or four years ago I transplanted cranberry vines from my meadow to one of my gardens, which is *pine plain land*. They have grown well, and they are now loaded with fruit.

I had compromised with them; that if they would come and live with me on my light land, I would bring with them their native soil, so that they should not suffer by emigration. I dug channels two feet wide, twenty inches deep, and three feet apart. I removed the gravel, and filled the channels with muck from whence they were to be taken. I then took up the cranberry plants, in small clusters, and set them deep in their natural element. They appeared to be perfectly contented with their new locality. They now occupy one rod square of ground, and they are beginning to enlarge their borders. I keep this patch clear of weeds.

The expense of this cranberry square rod was about two days' labor of one man, and one day's labor of one horse. The prospect now is that the cranberries will yearly pay expenses of their new settlement. Muck, and experiments well directed will prove successful.—*Jour. of Agriculture.*

What to do with Summer Fruit.

Much summer fruit is very transient, decaying even before it falls from the tree, and sometimes even before it is ripe. This is true of many pears. Picked or shaken from the tree and picked over, they make excellent *perry*, which is like cider, but more delicate and wine-like. It needs a cool cellar to undergo its fermentation in. Apples should be made into cider. Sweet, it brings a high price in market, and is a delightful cooling beverage, but does not make so good cider as later when fermentation is less rapid. The small hand mills and presses are very good for pressing fruits, and a family may supply itself with the juices for preservation, and considerable quantities for sale.

Vinegar.

This article is one of the most necessary, and yet we rarely find it of good, or even passable quality. By following the rules laid down in the following recipe, which I have pursued for many years, any one may make the article on his own premises:

"To eight gallons of clear rain water, add three quarts of molasses, put into a good cask, shake well a few times, then add two or three spoonfuls of good yeast cakes. If in summer, place the cask in the sun; if in winter, near the chimney, where it may be warm. In ten or fifteen days, add to the liquor a sheet of brown paper, torn in strips, dipped in molasses, and good vinegar will be produced. The paper will, in this way, form what is called the 'mother,' or, 'life of the vinegar.'"—*Germantown Telegraph.*

Deterioration of Soil.

It is a vital question to every farmer, whether his soil decreases in power of productiveness. A poor soil will no more produce large crops, than will a poor cow give a pail full of milk. And good soil will not continue to produce good crops without the application of manures, more than a cow will continue to give a large quantity of milk, without being plentifully supplied with hay or corn. The profits of the farmer consist in drawing from the soil only the more perfectly digested products, and supplying their place by others more crude, which in the nature and course of decomposition, will supply manure for returning crops. We often hear of the once rich farming land of Virginia running out, on account of continual drains made upon it, and nothing returned to support vegetation.

In order to cultivate a farm successfully and keep the land from ruin, the practice of putting out so much land must be abandoned. A greater quantity of grass should be grown. Farmers could thus keep a much greater amount of stock, at much less expense. The quantity of manure would then be greatly increased. The amount thus made, if properly husbanded and applied, would make and preserve any farm rich and valuable. Let me suggest here, that to facilitate the rotting of straw, every barnyard should be made so as to slope toward the center.

This method of keeping up a farm by means of manure from the yard is a sure one. It costs the farmer nothing more than some extra labor, which is very much more than compensated by the increased quantity of his crops, the diminished quantity of plowing he has to do, the return made from the number of acres he can devote to other purposes, and by the increased fertility, and consequent increased value, of his land.

Ashes of wood or coal, leaves or dry straw, are good manure for potatoes. I once planted potatoes on new ground, which was so full of roots that it could scarcely be plowed. I had to cover them mostly with leaves, not being able to find more than sufficient mold to cover the leaves. I had misgivings for the result, but raised better potatoes than my neighbors. The places where burnt log heaps had left quantities of ashes could be distinctly pointed out by the superior excellence of the potatoes grown there. On heavy clay soils considerable difficulty is experienced in getting manure to mix with the soil. The first thing to do, in such cases, is to thoroughly drain the soil. Then, after a deep plowing, strike deep parallel furrows with a shovel, plow about a foot apart, and fill them with straw manure, and cover it by cross harrowing.—*Dollar Weekly.*

Management of Swamp Muck.

From the questions we often hear people ask, and from observation, it is easily seen that the right management of muck is but imperfectly understood. Most people that condemn it, I find on inquiry the only trial they have made has been to plow it in as fresh dung and drawn from the swamp. I have seen people the past season dig and draw it two miles, when dripping with water. Does any one ask, does this pay? I answer, no sir! A cord of peat or muck is allowed to contain from 80 to 90 per cent of water, and shrinks from two-thirds to three-fourths its bulk when dry. It will be easily seen there is no economy in moving it any great distance until it has parted with a large share of its moisture. My own plan has been to dig in dry weather in the fall. I dig a ditch, say six feet wide, throwing the muck in a high pile on one side. I let it remain over the first winter, until the second. The frost of the first winter having acted on it and pulverized the outside, it will not now freeze very deep, and the outer crust can be easily broken with a pick. When the ground is frozen sufficient to bear a team, I draw off about 100 loads on a high and dry ground, and as I have two miles to draw it, I let it remain until fall. The 100 loads will not make over 50 or 60 of equal bulk of the former. It is now ready for composting, or it may be spread on the ground where wanted, and plowed in the coming spring. It should never be plowed in until it has been weathered at least two years, and become pulverized and lost its adhesiveness; otherwise you may do your land great damage.

I have met with the most success in composting with horse manure, horn shavings, fish, and such manures as contain much ammonia, as they heat the pile and reduce the mass to plant food. Composting should never be undertaken until the muck has been weathered and pulverized by the frost. In composting I use about one-quarter animal manure.

In regard to the value of this compost as a fertilizer or amendment, I consider it far superior to clear animal manure; its lasting qualities are far greater, and of a greater value. I have abundant evidence to show that the muck or peat I have used is entirely a vegetable substance, and will burn well when dry.—L. BASSETT, in *Country Gentleman.*

Is Your Hay Crop Light?

If so what is the best thing to do under the circumstances? There are several things that may be done to alleviate the misfortune.

You may sow turnips for feed for your sheep and cattle. They grow uncared for if upon good ground, and may be put in odd places, when crops have been removed in the corn fields or elsewhere, and cost no labor or expense other than the seed, which is trifling, the mere labor of sowing and the harvesting. Stock is fond of them and they will help out greatly, as all have found who have had experience.

All farmers have large fields of corn, the stalks of which usually go for nought. When hay is short it always pays to "cut up" corn and shock it, husking from the shock and saving the stalks and leaves to piece out your hay mows with.

As a last resort if you cannot get sufficient feed to winter your stock well for what it will really be worth to feed, sell your stock in the fall. Don't do this if it can well be avoided, but do it by all means before attempting to winter more than you can do well. Be humane at least and suffer in the pocket rather than let your animals suffer for want of sufficient good palatable food.—*Prairie Farmer.*

Swarms of Bees Leaving their Hives.

A great many swarms abandon their hives every year for a home in the woods. Full one-half of the *natural* swarms in this section have done so this season. Recently I called upon a bee-keeping friend, near this village, to see his bees. Some two or three days prior to my visit he hived a swarm, he also hived one the day I was there. We went out to look at the swarms; it was near sunset. To his surprise the bees had gone from both hives. My friend was in a dilemma, he wished to know the cause of his swarms leaving. The cause was plain enough; the weather was extremely warm, the hives were not shaded at all and most likely the excessive heat drove the bees from their homes. Swarms should have a cool place, that is, the hives should be shaded for several days at least, and if possible, the whole season, in the middle of the day. All of my bees are placed on the north side of fruit trees, one colony under each tree. They are sufficiently shaded in the middle of the day. They do not waste their time by hanging on the outside of the hives. It is not profitable to allow them to do so; they should be kept *at work* when there is work for them to perform.

Fallen Fruit.

Never permit green fruit to decay on the soil beneath the trees. In every apple, pear, plum, or cherry, which is prematurely cast, there exists a minute insect, which eats its way out in time, and becomes the source of evil to the succeeding crop. Gather up, and either feed them to your domestic animals, or dispose of them in some way which will secure you against the results which must necessarily ensue from neglect.

Hints for the Household.

Domestic Receipts, &c.

HYGIENIC PIES AND PIE CRUSTS. We cannot refrain from copying the following chapter on pie-making from Dr. Trall's *Herald of Health.*

Pies, as usually made, are among the greatest abominations of modern cookery. The idea of eating a piece of bread an inch in thickness, covered with from one-quarter to a half or whole inch of lard or butter, would by every sane person be considered preposterous. But people use these same proportions of flour and grease in their pastry, thinking it delicious. Consult any of the ordinary cook books, and you will find the recipes for pastery varying from half a pound to a pound of lard or butter to each pound of flour, and white flour at that. Can any thing be conceived of much more indigestible?

But pastery without either butter or lard for "shortening," and a pie without spices or seasoning of any kind except sugar, must be a very insipid affair! most cooks would exclaim.

Very far from it, as the experience of thousands proves. Pies may be made far more delicious to the natural taste, without any of these ingredients, and at the same time nearly as wholesome as plain bread and fruit.

We give below recipes for making quite a variety of pies, which any cook, after a little practice, can succeed in making, provided she has a heart in the work, and desires to see hygienic cooking take the place which it deserves.

POTATO PIE CRUST. Boil one quart dry, mealy potatoes. The moment they are done mash them, and sift through a collander. Stir thoroughly together one cup of Graham flour and one cup of white flour, then add the potatoes, rubbing them evenly through the flour in the same manner as the shortening in common pie crust. Have ready one cup of corn meal; pour over it one and one-third cups of *boiling* water, stirring it till all the meal is wet, then add to it the potatoes and flour, mixing only till thoroughly incorporated together. No more flour should be added. The moulding board should be well covered with dry flour, however, as it is slightly difficult to roll out. It should be rolled very thin, and baked in a moderate oven, care being taken that it is not overdone, as a little too much baking is apt to render it tough.

NOTE. (It is very essential that the above conditions should all be complied with. Bear in mind that the potatoes must be hot, and mixed immediately with the flour; the water be poured while boiling, upon the corn meal, and the whole mixed together very quickly and baked immediately. Inattention to any of these requisites will be quite apt to insure a failure.)

CREAM PIE CRUST. Take equal quantities of Graham flour, white flour and Indian meal; rub evenly together and wet with very thin sweet cream. It should be rolled thin, and baked in an oven as hot as for common pie crust.

NOTE. (This makes an excellent pastry if properly baked. Many patients have said to us they did not see how they could ever again relish the pastry in common use, this is so much sweeter and more palatable, to say nothing of its wholesomeness. It is more generally relished than the potato crust, although not quite so hygienic—the cream being the only objectionable feature.)

PUMPKIN PIE. Select a pumpkin which has a deep, rich color, and firm, close texture. Stew and sift in the ordinary manner; add as much boiling milk as will make it about one-third thicker than for common pumpkin pie. Sweeten with equal quantities of molasses, and bake about one hour in a hot oven.

NOTE. (Those who will try this method will be surprised to find how delicious a pie can be without eggs, ginger or spices of any kind. The milk being turned boiling hot upon the pumpkin, causes it to swell in baking, so that is as nice as though eggs had been used.)

SQUASH PIE. This is even superior to pumpkin, as it possesses a richer, sweeter flavor, and is far preferable. It is made in precisely the same manner as pumpkin pie.

SWEET POTATO PIE. Boil and sift through a collander, nice, ripe, sweet potatoes, then add boiling milk, and make the same as pumpkin pie.

SOUR APPLE PIE. Take nice, tart apples—Spitzenbergs are best, although pippins, greenings, russets, &c., are excellent. Slice them; fill the under crust an inch thick; sprinkle sugar over them; add a spoonful or two of water; cover with a thin crust, and bake three-fourths of an hour in a moderate oven.

PIE-PLANT PIE. Remove the skins from the stalks; cut them in small pieces; fill the pie dish evenly full; put in plenty of sugar, a teaspoonful of water; dredge a trifle of flour evenly over the top; cover with a thin crust, and bake the same as apple pie.

CURRANT PIE. Some fruits, such as currant and gooseberries, are regarded by physiologists as equally wholesome at all stages of their growth. They are made into pies by simply stewing them, and sweetening according to the change of acidity, and baking between two crusts in the ordinary manner. Or better still, merely fill the pie with them without any previous cooking. Sprinkle sugar over; dredge in a little flour, and bake the same as apple pie.

CHERRY PIE. Choose fair, ripe cherries, the large black English being the best for this purpose, wash and look them over carefully; fill the pie-plate evenly full; strew sugar over the top; dredge in plenty of flour; cover with a moderately thick upper crust, and bake one hour.

RASPBERRY PIE. This stands at the head of the list of all berry pies in point of excellence. Take nice ripe berries; either red or black are about equally good; wash and pick them over carefully; place them an inch or more thick on the under crust; strew a small quantity of sugar and a trifle of flour over them; put on the upper crust and bake half an hour.

WHORTLEBERRY PIE. Whortleberries make excellent pies, and are in the market usually longer than any of the summer fruits. They are made in the same manner as raspberry pie.

CRANBERRY TART. Wash the berries in a pan of water, rejecting all the bad ones; simmer them until they become soft and burst open; strain through a fine wire sieve, removing all the hulls; add sugar to the taste; bake on a thick under crust in a moderate oven.

APPLE PUFFS. Make a crust the same as for cream pie crust, using rather thicker cream, however; roll as thin as possible; cut out in small round cakes with a common biscuit cutter; take one of these, wet around the edge, and place in the centre a teaspoonful of apple sauce. Take another and cut with a small cracker cutter a hole in the centre about an inch in diameter; place the ring which is left upon the first one, and pinch the edges tightly together. Bake in a quick oven.

NOTE. (All kinds of dried fruits, apples, peaches, plums, cherries, &c., make very good pies by simply cooking as for the table. The more juicy they can be made, without haying the juice run out in baking, the better will they be. By simply wetting the upper part of the under crust, and pinching the cruste firmly together, they will adhere more closely.)

We have been much more minute in giving these recipes than persons conversant with cookery would deem it at all necessary. We have done so because hundreds of ladies who have no practical knowledge of even the ordinary methods of cookery, are yearly adopting our system, and as they generally find it impossible to obtain help in their own homes who are at all conversant with it, they feel the necessity of learning its details for themselves. Many persons, also, both ladies and gentlemen, who are boarding in hotels and boarding houses, desire this kind of diet, and are seldom able to obtain it, and prefer, therefore, cooking for themselves, to living upon the food they would otherwise be compelled to.

Maine Farmer.

Augusta, Thursday, Aug. 27, 1863.

Terms of the Maine Farmer.

$2.25 per annum, or $2.00 if paid within three months of the date of Subscription.

☞ *These terms will be rigidly adhered to in all cases.* ☜

All payments made by subscribers to the *Farmer* will be credited in accordance with our new mailing method The printed date upon the paper, in connection with the subscriber's name, will show the time to which he has paid, and will constitute, in all cases, a valid receipt for moneys remitted by him.

☞ A subscriber desiring to change the post office direction of his paper must communicate to us *the name of the office to which it has been previously sent*, otherwise we shall be unable to comply with his request.

Notice.

Mr. V. Darling, Agent for the *Maine Farmer*, will call upon subscribers in Penobscot County during the months of July and August.

Mr. Stephen N. Taber is now on a canvassing and collecting tour in Franklin county.

Modern Physical Degeneracy.

If no other good result arises from the recent draft, made by order of the United States Government, it ought to open our eyes to the fact that there is actually and really an alarming physical degeneracy in the men of the present day, compared with those of no longer ago than the days of our revolution, nay, less than that—compared with those of 1812 and 1815, when we had the last war with England.

Look at the returns made by the examining Surgeons of the number of exempts, and the physical causes of such exemptions, and observe what a large per centage of those drafted and examined, are rejected for bodily defects of some kind or other, sufficient to unfit them for military service. It will be said, perhaps, that this draft does not give a fair exhibit of the physical strength of the men of the present day, inasmuch as a large proportion of our really able-bodied men have previously gone into the army, and, reckoning these in, the proportion of invalids would be less. Grant all that, but at the same time admit that but one class only of those not in the army have been drafted, and not a large per centage of the last have been called upon and put under surgical examination, and you will find, after all, that the proportion of unsound men is astonishing. There is therefore no disguising the fact, for it amounts to a demonstration that we have degenerated in physical strength and bodily ability, and are still degenerating in this respect to an alarming degree.

It is true, that the Maine volunteers were sturdy men—the very best that we have in point of physical endurance and intelligence, and they have done honor to the State and the nation. We are sorry that we have not more of the same stamina; but the facts recently developed convince us that we have not so many able-bodied men, in proportion to the whole, as we thought, or indeed as we ought to have.

We do not know that there are any reliable statistics or documents which point out so clearly and conclusively, what was the proportion of exempts during the revolutionary war, or the war of 1812, as do the present returns in regard to those of this last draft, but, judging from such data as we have, there must be double the exempts now, in proportion to the whole, that there was in either of the above named periods. This point being established, the question very naturally arises, what are the causes, and what is the remedy? The causes are very numerous.—Our modes of living have an intimate connection with the health, vigor and stamina of our bodies. Our forefathers, and foremothers too, lived on coarser and more substantial food than do most of the present generation. They were not so very particular to sift out some of the most nutritive portions of their wheat and eat only the very finest parts of that grain. The man who invented and introduced the *boults* to our flouring mills, deserves a halter, the men who use them ought to be put through them, and the people who are so very anxious to eat nothing but the superfine flour which they make, and pay an extra price for that, deserve what they get, viz. ill health, weakness of body, and physical degeneracy in a thousand forms. Another thing should be considered. Our ancestors enjoyed more of God's pure air than the present generation. Not that God gives any less of it now than he did then, but they didn't poison it with air-tight stoves, and hot-air furnaces, and houses hermetically sealed against the ingress and egress of a fair portion of the pure atmosphere in its several changes.

Another important point to be considered is that they had healthier, hardier, stronger mothers in those days, than can be boasted of at the present day. This is a vital and essential requisite in the production of a hardy, healthy, strong race of people. The farmer will tell you so in regard to the raising of hardy cattle and horses, but it seems to be completely ignored in reference to the human race. Indeed, the great aim and ambition of our women now-a-days, seems to be to make themselves *delicate*, to become slender and fragile. There can be no doubt that the same investigations made in regard to the women as to their physical health, and vigor, and firmness of muscle and capacity of endurance, that is now being made among our conscripts, making all due allowance for the natural difference between the sexes, would prove a still greater falling off in physical stamina than we find among the men, and that too among all classes. Our factory system of labor in which so many females are employed is productive of an immense amount of debility in one class, and indolence and luxurious living in another. We could enumerate many other causes which have a direct or indirect tendency to produce the results of which we are speaking. We have heretofore called attention to this subject, but we have never had so definite, tangible and indisputable data in regard to the actual degeneracy of bone and muscle among us, as is now furnished by the exemption returns. Can any one examine them without feeling a gloomy foreboding of what a helpless and effeminate people we shall become, if we continue longer to neglect a more vigorous mode of living and training for the rising generation?

Messrs. Editors:—As the diarrhea and dysentery are now prevailing very extensively, cannot you or some of your readers give us a sure remedy for the disease—one that has been tried and is known to be effectual? P.

Will those who are possessed of such information please make it known. Meanwhile we should say keep the patients cool and quiet, and give them nothing to eat but flour porridge with milk boiled in, which, if continued a few days will usually effect a cure or at least break up and arrest the progress of the disease.

Brief Notes on the Weather for the week ending August 23d, 1863:

17th—Fair; quite cool; warmest for day, 67 deg. at 2 P. M.; wind N.

18th—Fair; warmest for day, 70 deg. at 2 P. M.; wind W.

19th—Fair; warmest for day, 74 deg. at 2 P. M.; wind S. E.

20th—Fair; warmest for day, 80 deg. at noon; wind W.; began raining at ½ of 6 P. M., continued a slight falling through the night, ending in night.

21st—A. M. overcast, damp; warmest for the 68 deg. at 1 P. M.; wind N. E.; P. M. overcast.

22d—Mostly overcast; sultry; warmest for day, 75 deg. at 1 P. M.; wind N. E.; slight shower at 3½ P. M.

23d—Fair; warmest for day, 74 deg. at 2 P. M.; wind N. W.

Large Hen's Egg. Mr. J. L. Dow, of Manchester, has shown us a mammoth egg which one of his Brahma Pootra "biddies" presented him a few days since. It measured 8½ inches the longest way, 6¼ inches around, and weighed four and a half ounces.

The War News of the Week.

The long continued siege of Charleston is manifestly drawing to a close. The latest intelligence received from rebel sources indicates the hopelessness of the Charlestonians in regard to the fate of their city. By the arrival of the steamer Arkansas, from Port Royal, we have news of the progress of the bombardment of Fort Sumter up to Wednesday last, the details of which will be found in our Record of the War. A furious cannonading against Forts Sumter, Wagner, and Gregg commenced on Monday by the fleet and land batteries, nearly silencing the fire of the two latter, and reducing Sumter almost to a mass of ruins. No doubt was felt in regard to the immediate surrender or evacuation of Sumter by the rebels and the entire occupation of Morris Island by our forces within a few days. The only loss on our side during the bombardment occurred on board the Monitor Catskill, which occupied a position within 150 yards of Fort Wagner. A shot from Wagner broke a piece of the interior lining of the turret of the Catskill, a fragment striking the heads of Commodore Rogers, the commander, and Paymaster Woodbury, instantly killing both of them. None of the vessels of the fleet were injured.

Accounts of the movements and intentions of Lee's army in Virginia are contradictory. Some of the correspondents with the army of the Potomac report recent demonstration of Lee towards Fredericksburg from Culpepper as only a ruse to cover the real object of a retreat southward by way of Gordonsville. Lee's forces are said to be badly demoralized, desertions among the Mississippi, Tennessee and Louisiana troops going on to an alarming extent. Meanwhile the army of Gen. Meade is receiving large accessions from the conscription, and will soon be in a condition to make a vigorous aggressive movement against the enemy.

We may shortly expect intelligence of lively movements in the Department of the Cumberland. Gen. Rosecrans is now on the march for Chattanooga and Burnside is advancing on Knoxville, which place it was expected he would occupy on Friday last. This simultaneous movement will put our forces in entire possession of Tennessee, and completely cut off the Virginia rebels from all communication with the Southwest, depriving them of the means of feeding their armies from the rich harvests of East Tennessee, upon which they depend for subsistence during the coming fall and winter campaign.

Gen. Grant does not permit his troops to be entirely inactive in Mississippi. A daring and successful cavalry raid has recently been made on Grenada, by Lieut. Col. Phillips of the 19th Illinois. The expedition reached Grenada on the 17th inst., driving Gen. Slemmer, with 2000 men and 5 pieces of artillery, from the field. They then destroyed 57 locomotives, upwards of 400 cars, the depot buildings, machine and blacksmith shops, and a large quantity of ordnance and commissary stores. They captured a number of railroad employees and other prisoners. There are other important movements of troops in Grant's department, of which we shall know something very soon.

The details of the recent guerilla raid upon the town of Lawrence in Kansas, which will be found in our war record, shows it to have been the most barbarous and inhuman transaction of the war. The loss of killed numbers 180 and the destruction of property is estimated at two millions of dollars. We trust a terrible retribution will be visited upon the authors of this fiendish outrage.

Escape of Prisoners from Fort Warren and their Recapture. On Monday evening of last week four of the prisoners taken from rebel vessels and confined at Fort Warren, made a successful attempt to escape from the island. The four who escaped are Pride, the Master's Mate of the Tacony; Sherman, who was for some time kept on board the U. S. sloop of War Santee, as a prisoner and then transferred to Fort Warren; Alexander and Thurston, both lieutenants in the rebel marine service, taken on board the Atlanta in Warsaw Sound. They are all of them spare men, and thus were able to squeeze themselves through an aperture in the casemate only seven inches wide. When outside they secured an old target frame upon which they floated over to Lovell's Island, and then stole a fishing yacht and put to sea. Two other prisoners, one of them Lt. Read, the late commander of the Tacony and the other a man named Saunders, made their escape from the Fort at the same time, but were unable to accompany their comrades on the raft and were soon after caught and returned to their former quarters. As soon as the escape of the prisoners was known, vessels were dispatched from Boston and Portland in pursuit of them. On Thursday at 11 o'clock A. M. the Revenue Cutter, J. C. Dobbin, which had been sent out from Portland the previous day, fell in with the stolen yacht near Boon Island, and recaptured two of the prisoners, Alexander and Thurston, bringing them into Portland and lodging them in jail for safe keeping. The other two, Pride and Sherman, are still at large. They are supposed to be lurking somewhere on the coast in another boat stolen by them from Lovell's Island.

Who are They? The Augusta correspondent of the Boston *Journal* says: "Our community is stirred with a profound feeling of indignation at the conduct of a certain Colonel and Quartermaster of a recently returned nine months' regiment, toward the men during their term of service. Facts of a startling character are being daily brought to light, and an investigation is called for."

Justice to the officers of the nine months' regiments not implicated in the misconduct alluded to, would seem to demand that the names of the delinquent individuals should be given. As the matter stands they are all liable to the imputations contained in the paragraph above quoted. Let the guilty parties be named, and an investigation of the charges be had by the competent authorities.

The Destination of the Conscripts. The Conscripts in the New England and Middle States will be first used to fill up the ranks of the Army of the Potomac. The Maine regiments to receive the conscripts in the following order: the 16th will have 340; the 19th, 243; the 3d, 495; the 4th, 523; the 17th, 197; the 20th, 277; the 5th, 462; the 6th, 255; the 7th, 467; the 1st Cavalry, 281. Two hundred men have already been sent forward to each of the first-named regiments, the 16th and 19th, and the others will have their quotas filled as rapidly as the drafted men are mustered into the service. It is estimated that about five thousand men will be realized from the recent conscription.

A Traveler's Home. Our agent, Mr. Sturgis, says if you want to enjoy the blessings of clean, soft beds, and the good things of a table well furnished with the best the market affords, just call at the hotel of S. W. Turner, in Skowhegan. The cordial greeting of the host, and the polite attentions of the waiters will cause you to say on leaving, "I'll call here again if ever I come this way." We can cordially endorse the testimony of our friend Sturgis from a long acquaintance with the excellent host and hostess, and the repeated enjoyment of their hospitality.

☞ The annual Fair and Show of the Kennebec Agricultural Society will be held at Readfield on Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 14th and 15th. The list of premiums will be shortly issued in pamphlet form.

The Annual Exhibition of the Franklin County Agricultural Society will be held at Farmington, Sept. 30th, and Oct. 1st.

Crops, Weather, &c.

We continue to give items in regard to the condition of the crops, the weather, &c., in different localities, so far as received from our correspondents. We hope our friends will continue to write us, particularly in regard to the grain and fruit crops:

Bethel, Oxford County, Aug. 21. Fine weather and stirring times among farmers; labor scarce and high; potatoes are beginning to rust; wheat light; a good crop of hay. O. D.

Unity, Waldo Co., Aug. 21. The crops in this vicinity are fully an average, with the exception of hay, which falls about one-third below last year's crop. Corn looks well; potatoes, our principal crop next to hay, never looked more promising; grain, especially wheat, not quite as good as last year, but better than the average for the last ten years; oats and barley fair; apples not abundant, but enough for home consumption. B. B. S.

Fredericton, N. B., Aug. 17. A fortnight more of such weather as the present, and we shall have but little fear for the "pratees." In their "palmiest days" they never looked better than they do now. Oats and other grain is ripening very fast and rather earlier perhaps than usual, owing to the long spell of dry weather. The straw may in some instances be a little short, but on the whole these crops give promise of an ample yield.—*Col. Farmer.*

Easton, Aroostook, county, Aug. 17th, 1863. The farmers in this section are about finishing up their haying, and notwithstanding the gloomy prospects in the commencement, the result will never more flattering. Several of my neighbors are completely filling their barns, to the exclusion of their grain, which, to all appearances, will be as abundant as the hay crop has been. There have been, however, complaints that the weevil was making sad havoc among the wheat, but upon examination it is found to be not as bad as at first was expected, and it is to be hoped that the farmers in this county will have at least, a fair crop. Should the frost hold off ten days longer, the buckwheat crop will be nearly sufficient to supply the county with bread, judging from present appearances, for certainly that crop never looked better than it does now. Cold and backward as it was in the spring time, yet the farmers will have all they can do, to secure their crops as fast as they ripen, for the grain in many cases is already ripe for the sickle. Potatoes, beans, in fact every variety of crop the farmers cultivate, will, to all appearances, yield a bountiful harvest. John H. Foster.

City Meeting. It will be seen by a notice in another column that a meeting of the legal voters of Augusta, is called to be held at Meonian Hall on Saturday next, to advise the City Council in reference to the appropriation of money for th payment of bounties to the drafted men from this city who may be mustered into the service of the United States under the recent conscription, or who shall furnish an acceptable substitute. A general attendance of our citizens is desirable. We trust that some method will be devised by which the burdens of the draft will be made to bear with some degree of equality upon all classes of our citizens. The indiscriminate payment of bounties to the rich and the poor conscript, without regard to circumstances, is in our judgment, alike unjust and impolitic. The person who is amply able to purchase exemption by the payment of $300 or by procuring a substitute, ought to be allowed the patriotic privilege of doing so at his own expense; but the poor man should at least be assured of a liberal support for his family if he enters the service, and if unable to do so the means should be provided to enable him to furnish a substitute. We hope the meeting on Saturday will consider the subject in this light, and take action accordingly.

Examination of Drafted Men. The labors of the Enrolment Board in the examination of the drafted men of this district are nearly completed. About 850 of the whole number drafted remain to be examined. Of this number it is estimated that one-half will fail to appear before the Board on account of absence from the State, many of the persons enrolled being seamen pursuing their occupation, and others doing business abroad. In round numbers the examinations amount to 2600; accepted, 1071; paid commutation money, 580; furnished substitutes, 257. We shall publish next week a comparative statement of the number accepted, exempted, furnishing substitutes, and paying commutation money in the several towns in the District.

☞ The recent occurrences in our midst of several cases of delirium tremens, one of which proved fatal, should have the effect to wake up our citizens to the alarming spread of the liquor traffic in our community, and suggest the inquiry whether or not there can be any restriction put upon it. We should be glad to know whether there is any virtue in our laws, or if our city is to continue to be disgraced by numerous groggeries, which deal out poison, causing the night air to be filled with hideous sounds, rendering our streets dangerous after nightfall and bringing ruin and death into our families.

☞ We learn that numerous applications have been made to Gov. Coburn, in behalf of towns claiming to have furnished under former requisitions an excess of soldiers in proportion to their population, for a corresponding reduction of their several quotas under the present draft. Some correspondence has taken place between the Governor and Provost Marshal General Fry, on the subject. Gen. Fry decides that the circumstances set forth by Gov. Coburn do not warrant any change in the existing enrolment in this State and that no reduction in the quota of any town will be made.

Runaway. On Saturday last, the horse attached to the wagon belonging to the Express Company, took fright, starting from the office and running along Water and up Bridge street, to his stable. Carriages on the route were overturned, sedate pedestrians frightened, and the packages from the Express Office pretty generally distributed along the streets. Verdict, nobody hurt, but several awfully scared.

☞ We find on our table, some fine specimens of the Early Harvest apple, from the garden of our neighbor, Hiram Reed, Esq. This is one of our best varieties of early fruit, and its cultivation is widely extended. It passes by different names in various localities, as Bells Early, Sops of Wine, and Early Harvest.

☞ Lt. Barclay, in command at Camp Keyes, informs us that 288 conscripts and substitutes have been sent from this city to the State rendezvous on Mackey's Island. Ten substitutes have deserted from camp since July 30th, six of whom have been re-taken and now await their trial by Court Martial.

☞ Francis Chase, Esq., of this city has been appointed to the Superintendency of the Portland, Saco and Portsmouth Railroad, made vacant by the resignation of Mr. Russell who has filled the position for many years past. An excellent appointment.

☞ The statement that there are counterfeit fractional checks of the Veazie currency in circulation is contradicted by the Bangor papers. A few of the checks were somewhat blurred, but they have been promptly redeemed, and have been pronounced genuine by the engravers.

☞ Gen. Grover, attached to the army of Gen. Banks, and one of the most efficient fighting Generals of the army is now on a visit to his home in Bethel in this State. He has been engaged in eighteen battles.

Admitted to the Bar. At the session of the S. J. Court in the County of Sagadahoc, on Tuesday, 18th inst., on motion of Nathan Cleaves, Esq., William T. Hall, Esq., was admitted to practice as Counsellor and Attorney at Law, in all the Courts of this State.

Editor's Table.

The Continental for September opens with a strong political article entitled, Southern Hate of New England. The next is a poem. Waiting for News—written by a mother whose experience is only similar to that of thousands of others who have sent their loved ones out to battle, and wait hopefully, anxiously for the result of some terrible conflict. Early History of the Printing and Newspaper Press in Boston and New York, is quite interesting. Diary of Frances Krasinska, Reason, Rhyme and Rhythm, and Was He Successful, are the continued articles. The Isle of Springs is the title of the description of a voyage to Jamaica, and a short residence on the Island. The Grave, and the Deserted House, poetry; The Great Riot; Spring Mountain; Japanese Foreign Relations; Editor's Table, &c., fill up the rest of the number.

Edinburg Quarterly Review for July has the following table of contents: Napier's Memorials of Claverhouse; Druids and Bards; Furgusson's History of the Modern Styles of Architecture; Louis Blanc's French Revolution; Sir Geo. Cornewall Lewis on Forms of Government; Xavier Raymond on the Navies of France and England; the Sources of the Nile; The Scots in France and the French in Scotland; Lyell on the Antiquity of Man. L. Scott & Co., 38 Walker Street, New York.

Knickerbocker Monthly. Kinahan Cornwallis, Editor and Proprietor, New York City. Terms $3 per year, postage paid. Contents of the August number: Ashes from the Pipe of an Old Smoker; From New York to Panama; August and the Death of DeSoto, Poetry; Jack of the Merchant's Service; A Strange Death; Thirty Years Ago; The Lady of Bagatelle; Down in Dixie; International Law; Uncanny; Adrift on the World, with Editor's Table, Book Notices, etc.

The Atlantic for Sept. gives us the following list of articles principally of the solid order: The Puritan Minister; Thoreau's Flute; Mr. Martin's Disappointments; Robert and Clara Schumann; The Freedmen of Port Royal; No and Yes; The Mather Safe; The Tertiary Age; The New Sangreal; Thomas De Quincey; Mrs. Lewis; Lyrics of the Street; Mss. of Edmund Burke; Harvard's Heroes; Who is Rocbuck? and Reviews and Literary Notices.

Westminster for July contains the following: The Growth of Christianity; The Rival Races; Mill on Utilitarianism; Gamesters and Gaminghouses; Marriages of Consanguinity; Saint Simon and his Disciples; The Naturalist on the River Amazon; Louis Blanc's History of the French Revolution; Poland; Lancashire and a paper on Contemporary Literature. New York, published quarterly, by L. Scott & Co., 38 Water St., New York.

A New Map. We are in receipt of a sample of H. H. Lloyd & Co.'s New County Map of the United States, from B. B. Russell, Boston. We cannot say that it is issued in the highest style of art, or that it is full and accurate, but it will answer a purpose where nothing better can be obtained. Price in sheets 60 cts.; mounted $1,25. For sale by C. A. Pierce, Augusta.

Arthur's Home Magazine, the first of the monthlies that reached us, opens with a timely and suggestive engraving entitled, The Gleaners. Its pages are well filled as usual, with matter suitable for home and fireside reading. Philadelphia: T. S. Arthur & Co., $2 per year.

American Publishers' Circular, and Literary Gazette. This work is an interesting and almost indispensable one for students, literary men, libraries and general readers. Semi-monthly at $2 per annum. Geo. W. Childs, 628 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

Godey for September. We cannot say that this is an improvement on former numbers, but we can say that it is equal to its predecessors, and of that class rated A No. I. Philadelphia, L. A. Godey, $3 per annum.

Sick and Wounded Soldiers. The following is a list of sick and wounded Maine soldiers sent from Baton Rouge, Aug. 6th, per steamer St. Mary at New York:

Daniel C. Dunham, Co. G, 21st, wounded in knee; C. C. Fuller, Co. A, 28th, sunstroke; Geo. W. Goodwin, Co. H, 28th, diarahœa; Chas. E. Plaisted, Co. D, 28th; diarahœa; Serg. R. W. Soule, Co. D, 28th, diarahœa; Geo. D. Stmes, Co. D, 28th, diarahœa; John W. Hartford, Co. F, 28th diarrhœa; N. B. Sargent, Co. G, 28th, diarrhœa; Orin Sargent, Co. G, 28th, diarrhœa; John M. Stevens, Co. F, 28th, diarrhœa; Daniel McDonald, Co. I, 28th, diarrhœa; Rob't Howell, Co. I, 28th, diarrhœa; Almon S. Tarr, Co. F, 28th, diarrhœa; Geo. E. Coombs, Co. G, 28th, diarrhœa; Surgeon E. F. Plaisted, 28th; G. K. Dakeman, Co. C, 22d, anemia; Daniel H. Morrison, Co. E, 28th, hepatis; P. Witham, Co. I, 28th, diarrhœa; R. A. Whitbee, Co. A, 28th, convalescent; John Buldock, Co. I, 28th, diarrhœa; R. B. Burroughs, Co. G, 28th, diarrhœa; Geo. Bailey, Co. F, 28th, diarrhea; W. W. Panis, Co. I, 24th, diarrhea; W. B. Grindell, Co. I, 28th, diarrhea; Alfred Sherman, Co. F, 28th, diarrhea; J. W. Elsmore, Co. H, 28th, diarrhea.

Trial of Deserters. The following cases of desertion have been tried by the Court Martial in session in this city, and the proceedings thereon forwarded to Maj. Gen. Wool for approval:

Fred. G. Gage, substitute; Franklin W. Perry, do.; Wm. H. Emery, do.; Chas. A. Douglass, do.; Chas. Keene, do.; Thos. L. Jones, Co. I, 28th Regt. Me. Vols., deserting twice; Wm. T. Harmon, Co. A, 1st Me. Reg't, desertion; Chas. E. Smith, Co. I, 1st Me. Cavalry; Seward Penly, Co. G, 23d Me. Vols.; Wm. C. Sidelinger, Co. I, 28th Me.; Chas. W. Meservey, Co. G, 28th do.; Corp. G. T. Perkins, Co. C, 17th do.; Francis Allen, Co. E, 23d do.; J. T. Marshal — 7th, do.; Benj. A. Curtis, Co. I, 28th do.; Abner R. Paine, Co. I, 23d Me.; Geo. W. Leighton, 16th, do.; Thos. B. Chalmus, Co. H, 2d do.; Geo. W. Damon, 2d do.; Wm. Taylor, Co. G, 7th do.; Anton o Sasso, substitute; John Monroe, do.; Thos. Murray, do.; Jas. Kelley, do.; Wm. H. Whitney, Co. K, 7th do.; Jerry Conley, substitute.

Punishment of Deserters. The following grand order has been promulgated from the Army of the Potomac:

"The practice of desertion by substitutes under the draft has became so prevalent that hereafter the extreme penalty of martial law will be awarded to such delinquents as may be recapturded, and extraordinary efforts will be made to effect that object."

Brutal Assault. The Bangor *Courier* says Wm. McClellan was arraigned before the Police Court for a most brutal assault upon a seaman, Allan Tyler, near the Dwinel House. McClellan struck Tyler with his fist, knocked him down, and then kicked him in the face, breaking the bridge of his nose and otherwise badly injuring him. He also received a severe wound in the back of the head. He was sentenced to pay a fine of $10 and cost, and was committed in default of payment.

☞ Hon. John N. Goodwin of Berwick has been appointed by the President, Governor of the Territory of Arizona in place of Gov. Gudley recently deceased. Mr. Goodwin had already received the appointment of U. S. Judge for the Territory, and was on his way to assume the duties of his office when the death of Gov. Gudley occurred.

☞ Rev. Ebenezer Knowlton has resigned the pastorate of the Freewill Baptist Church in Rockland to accept an appointment under the direction of the "National Freedman's Relief Association" to labor for the general good of the freedmen of North Carolina. He takes his departure for Newbern, in the first week of September.

☞ Mr. Franklin Searl, of Skowhegan, was badly cut and injured while at work with a mowing machine.

Army Correspondence.

Letter from the Fourteenth Maine.

New Orleans, Aug. 14, 1863.

Messrs. Editors:—Thinking that a few lines through the columns of your paper from the fourteenth Maine might be interesting to those who have friends in the regiment, I will write a brief account of our late service. We left camp at Bonnet Carre the 7th of May in company with the 177th New York, Reed's Cavalry and the 21st New York Battery, for the purpose of dispersing the rebels on Amite river and vicinity. We proceeded up the Mississippi river to Doyle's Plantation by boat, where we landed, took breakfast, disposed ourselves in light marching order, set our faces towards the enemy, and took up our line of march for the Amite river—the 14th in front, (as has always been our lot,) with Col. Porter, a tried man in whom the regiment has the *utmost confidence*, at its head. We reached the river about sunset, having performed a march of twenty-one miles over a road rendered almost impassable by recent rains and in the face of a retiring foe. We here set at work making a raft to cross the river, but ere this was accomplished we had other work to do. The enemy concealed behind trees and a thick undergrowth, opened fire on us. The battery had now come up and was quickly got into position, when, with rifle shot and shell we soon made their position untenable, and they retired to a more safe distance. Our raft was soon completed, but the rest of the force not having come up our orders would not allow us to cross, and we lay down on our arms and were not disturbed during the night. The next day passed off with no other trouble than a slight skirmish, the enemy retiring. Night found us again in the same place, and we prepared ourselves for whatever might come. We were not molested, however, and passed the night quietly; but on rising in the morning, we were again fired on and quite a skirmish ensued. Gen. Nickerson and staff, with the rest of the forces came up, and preparation was made for crossing the river. The battery was placed in position to defend the ferry, and the 14th was ordered to cross, which was effected without any loss. The cavalry then crossed over, and leaving the rest of the forces to protect our rear, they took the road to Pontchatoula and Camp Moore, and the 14th proceeded inland a distance of eighteen miles, scouring the country, scattering some bands of guerillas and capturing a considerable amount of cotton, sugar and molasses. Finding no enemy to confront us, we returned to the Ferry.

Gen. Nickerson now received orders to march his brigade to Port Hudson in the shortest time possible. Accordingly at 9 o'clock P. M. of the 19th day of May, surrounded by darkness and over roads unfit for human feet to tread, we marched a distance of about twenty-four miles. Continuing our march, with little rest, we arrived in rear of Port Hudson on the 22d, thus performing a march of seventy-four miles in less than three days, and over roads of the worst description, while a scorching sun sent down its burning rays upon us with terrible effect.

We now had a day of rest, and then we were thrown out in front and ordered to charge the first line of intrenchments. We charged on it at double quick, scaling the breastwork, when we found that the enemy had evacuated it and retired to their inner defences. Thus far successful, we were now deployed as skirmishers and ordered to advance, covering the whole line of battle. We advanced to within cannon shot, when we were halted for the purpose of reconnoitering the enemy's position.

Some days were exhausted before the final disposition of all the troops around Port Hudson was made; but at last, on the 27th of May, the 14th received its orders to advance. It fell to our lot to charge on the enemy's works through a piece of felled timber, half a mile in width and extending to within one hundred yards of their breastworks. When we reached the skirts of the felled timber, the enemy opened fire on us with round shot and shell, but on we went, clambering over the fallen timber, led by our undaunted Col. Porter, and our brave Lt. Col. Bickmore. Ere we had proceeded far, however, another obstacle arose that for a moment seemed to defy our firmest efforts. The enemy had set fire to the dry timber and the flames were spreading with fearful rapidity; but the command "forward" sounded along our line and on we rushed through smoke and fire. The battle had now become general—the earth trembled beneath the roar of cannon, while the air was rent with the missiles of death of every description, we continued to advance, reserving our fire until within close proximity to the enemy's works, when we commenced firing at the rebels whenever they showed themselves above their works. We maintained our position until our ammunition became nearly exhausted a second time, when the recall was sounded and we fell back a short distance and took up a new position, and the fierce roar of battle was closed amidst the shades of night. Thus ended the first charge on this rebel stronghold.

Space will not allow me to speak of the daring deeds of our brave officers and men; but I must mention one incident. In the midst of the battle, when the carnage was at its height, I saw Gen. Nickerson dismount, rush into the burning flames and assist with his own hands in recovering a wounded man.

Having taken up a new position, the army under Gen. Banks commenced to reduce the place by siege. Our position was still in front, and in front we remained, advancing nearer and nearer, keeping up a constant fire on the enemy whenever they showed their heads above their breastworks, until the 8th of July, when the place surrendered. Forty-three days constant fighting without ever being relieved, taxed our energies to the utmost; but our loss has not been very great. Our Medical Staff rendered most efficient service, being constantly in the field with us, ready to attend to the sick, sunstricken and wounded.

Thus after one of the hardest and most protracted struggles of the war, has this stronghold surrendered to the rightful authority, and its powerful batteries are no longer a barrier to the commerce of this noble river. Over the blood-stained ramparts of Port Hudson the Star Spangled Banner waves in glorious beauty. G.

Letter from the Fifth Maine Battery.

Camp at Rappahannock Station,
Aug. 10th, 1863.

Messrs. Editors:—It is quite frequently that we read letters in your paper from some regiment or battery from Maine; yet I have not read an account of the Fifth Battery, that has unquestionably done good service. I think it has always retained a good reputation, and it was recommended last winter by a report of Col. Wainwright to be one of the first in this army.

Since last October, we have belonged to the 1st corps, and are now in an artillery brigade, 1st corps, under the command of Col. Wainwright.

We had participated in five battles before the three day's fight at Gettysburg, in which we took an active part, supporting our corps. Our boys fought bravely, and in the hottest of the second day's fight, we fired several guns, particularly for the Union, whose flag we love to defend so well. Many gallant deeds were done on the first day, when the 1st corps opened the battle. Just before we were ordered to fall back, being pressed by an overwhelming force, Gen. Wadsworth was present with his staff, when two of his Lieutenants dismounted, and put their shoulders to the wheel of a gun, that was difficult to move, and helped put it in position. The influence was electric, and we gave the rebels a few rapid and effective rounds and fell back. The battery has suffered severely, and we have only thirty-five or forty of the old Maine men—the battery being made effective by detached men from regiments.

The Maine men of the battery, in particular, are brave, enjoying at the present very excellent health, in good spirits, and always ready for any emergency.

We think we can now see the beginning of the end of the rebellion, and by a few more effective blows, to secure an honorable peace, and while we remember that we have suffered severely, and lost many brave and noble men, we shall have the reflection that we have inflicted a terrible punishment to our opponents now in the field. Let us now, since we have of late gained victories, not relapse into indifference, but give the administration our most hearty support, till this infamous rebellion is irrecoverably crushed.

We have been here ten days, and are in camp near the Station. Last summer when we were here on our retreat from Rapidan, some fifteen houses were destroyed, and there are no inhabitants near.

A similar aspect presents itself all through the country wherever the army has been. Fields that were productive of excellent crops are now merely commons as regards fences, and yield weeds instead of grass.

Of late the weather has been hot—thermometer at 115 deg., with heavy thunder showers that have raised the streams considerably for the time being.

Enclosed find two dollars in advance for your excellent paper another year, which should be in the hands of every Maine farmer. Yours truly,

John H. Varney.

Sambuci Wine. This article, upon trial, we find quite palatable. It is recommended for weakly females and invalids generally.—*Portland Argus.*

Mr. Kinsman has just received a large invoice of this wine four years old of which he is selling large quantities.

An Awful Calamity. The Shoddy Mill of Mr. Richard Hurst at Cohoes, N. Y., was destroyed by fire on Monday, 18th inst., and a large number of the female operatives perished in the flames. The Albany *Argus* gives the following particulars of the disaster:

The mill was a large five story brick building, on either side of which were extensive wooden structures. One of these which was used as an elevator, reached to the top of the main building.

The fire, it is said, originated on the lower floor of the main building, and the oily, combustible material with which it was covered fed the flames with fearful rapidity. Most of the operatives were engaged on the upper floors, and the flames made such rapid headway that the ordinary means of egress were cut off from most of them before they were apprised of their danger.

When notified by the ascending smoke and flames of their imminent peril, it is said by those who escaped that the scenes on the upper floor were most heart-rending. The wildest excitement prevailed and all rushed for the windows. But it was impossible for those gathered on the outside to reach them. Some becoming perfectly terror-stricken, sank down and resigned themselves to their terrible fate without making even an effort to escape. Others jumped from the windows upon the adjoining wooden building, and reeling off fell to the ground, sustaining very serious, if not fatal injuries. Others, it is reported, jumping upon the same structure, a few minutes later, fell in the flames below, the roof giving way under their weight, while others, it is feared, fell in the narrow space between the two buildings, and so perished.

We understand that some twenty-five girls are missing, fifteen of whom are known to have been destroyed by the fire.

The mill was entirely consumed, and the loss to the owner is estimated at thirty thousand dollars."

The Troy *Times* says:

"In the knitting room in the fourth story forty girls were employed, under charge of Peter McHugh. Before intelligence could be conveyed to them, they were entirely hemmed in, and none of them could escape by the stairs. It, therefore, became necessary for them to escape by the windows. Mr. McHugh remained as long as it was possible for him to do so, and then escaped by jumping out.

The spectacle presented at this time was perfectly horrible, and made more so by the impotency of those who saw it to render any help. Some of the poor creatures accepted the alternative of their fate, and dashed frantically from the windows. One struck upon her head, her neck was broken and she died instantly. Others had limbs broken by the concussion of their falls.

One, a young woman named Donnelly, in her descent was caught by her hoops upon a ladder, and in full sight of the screaming, horror-stricken spectators, roasted to death, her blackened body falling to the ground. Another sprang through the flames, and as she descended, her garments took fire and she was burned to death upon the ground before it was possible to reach her.

Others ran to the windows and stood there wildly calling for help, until the wild sea of flame behind swept upon and wrapped them in its shroud of death, and they dropped out of sight.

The number of the killed is variously reported in the excitement. Its lowest estimate is fifteen, the highest twenty-five. In addition to these, a number were very badly hurt by jumping from the windows, and some of them will no doubt, die."

A New Remedy for Diptheria. A late French paper says that one of their eminent physicians has discovered that ice administered in small pieces is a sure remedy for diptheria, croup, &c. We extract the following from the paper referred to, and give it for what it is worth. The proposed remedy is certainly simple, its application cannot be attended with danger, and it is at hand in this country in the winter when the disease is the most widely distributed.

We have not much faith in any remedy for this disease, except the use of salt in the earlier stages, and even this is not effectual in advanced cases.

"One of Dr. De Grand's patients, afflicted with blephacite, was seized with diptheria, and as he could not immediately attend, owing to the severity of the case, another physician was called in, who ordered emetics and aluminous gargles, which produced no effect. At length Dr. De Grand came, and found the tonsils greatly swollen, and a false membrane covering them. He immediately administered small pieces of ice, and by the following morning the tumefaction of the tonsils had diminished by half, and the false membrane had nearly disappeared. That very evening she was enabled to take food.

Profiting by this example, a few days after her brother was seized with sore throat, presenting the same prelimenary symptoms as those of his sister; but he without waiting for the doctor, at once took some ice, and was rid of his sore throat in a few hours. Some days later, Dr. De Grand was summoned to a young lady who had been laboring under the disease some forty-eight hours; all remedies had failed, and the parents, relations and friends of the family were plunged in the deepest sorrow. When Dr. De Grand ordered ice, a general cry of astonishment was uttered by all present.

Ice for a sore throat! Impossible! It was sheer murder! Dr. De Grand maintained his ground, and after much expostulation, during which much time was lost, he obtained his end. Before twenty-four hours were over the patient was in full convalescence."

Important Arrest of a Swindler. The Syracuse *Journal* gives the following account of the arrest of a man named R. H. Webster, who has been engaged in a series of novel swindling operations by which a large number of credulous persons have been victimized without apparently making himself liable to prosecution:

He has been sending circulars to postmasters and other local officers at small towns throughout the country, covering a proposition to furnish the means of successful speculation, and offering for sale, at 30 cents on the dollar, imitations of United States Treasury Notes, which he promised should be so perfect as to defy detection. If the person addressed responded favorably, further correspondence ensued, a sample of the 'imitation notes' (of the denomination of $1 genuine issue,) would be sent, which in most cases would call out an order for a large quantity of the notes, inclosing bank bills to pay for them at the rate of 30 cents on the dollar. It is evident from the tenor of some of the accused's correspondence that he never furnished the 'imitation notes' spoken of in his circular; that the genuine $1 note was employed

THE MAINE FARMER: AN AGRICULTURAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

The Record of the War.

From the Army of the Potomac--Continued Demoralization of Lee's Army.

NEW YORK, Aug. A dispatch from Headquarters Army of the Potomac, dated 16th, states that the news from the front is cheering, inasmuch as it points to the termination of our term of non-action. We are all momentarily expecting orders to pull up stakes and vamose the ranche.

The same correspondent states that a colored drummer deserted from Lee's army yesterday forenoon and came within our lines. He reports that on Wednesday morning the whole of Lee's army, with the exception of A. P. Hill's corps, moved from Culpepper Court House by the Fredericksburg road. He also confirms the stories of the demoralization of the North Carolina, Tennessee and Alabama troops. Those from North Carolina in Hill's corps have openly revolted and swear they will fight no longer. The Mississippi troops are clamorous to be sent home. The contraband deserter's story of the movements of the rebel troops is fully confirmed by the reports from our scouts.

Lee's army is reported to be moving in a southeasterly direction, and there can be no doubt that the region about Culpepper and Gordonsville will soon be entirely evacuated by the enemy.

The Bombardment of Fort Sumter--The Combined Land and Naval Forces Engaged.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 18. The *Republican* extra has the following: "The bombardment of Charleston was renewed on Saturday morning in right good earnest from land and sea. Gen. Gilmore opened from all his new and old works, and Rear Admiral Dahlgren aided with the Monitors. The government received a dispatch dated the 17th from a military officer in Tennessee, stating that the Chattanooga *Rebel* of the 16th, announced that the bombardment on Saturday was awful, and that the firing from Gilmore's land batteries on Morris Island and from the Monitors seemed to be concentrated on Fort Sumter.

The combined land and naval forces of the Federals seemed to be engaged. The information published in the *Rebel* was received at Chattanooga from Charleston by telegraph, and the fight was going on when the paper went to press on Sunday.

Important Statements of a Deserter.

NEW YORK, Aug. 18. The *Times'* Washington dispatch says Marks, the deserter from Lee's army, came down the valley by way of Staunton, Harrisonburg and Strasburg. Marks saw one hundred Georgians, South Carolinians, Alabamians and Texans going on their way home, having openly deserted. The Blue Ridge Mountains are alive with stragglers and deserters, who have their arms with them. So numerous are they that in travelling along the mountain sides they have actually made paths. The Provost Guard, stationed along the route, are afraid to interfere with them on account of the numbers, save when travelling alone.

Gen. Rosecrans' Army--Dispersion of Pemberton's Forces.

NEW YORK, Aug. 18. Col. Burke, of General Rosecrans' army, states that Pemberton's Vicksburg army has gone to pieces. The Texans have left in a body for home, and the Tennesseans and Alabamians were leaving it in numberless squads. Over ten thousand Tennesseans were reported to the Provost Marshal of the army of the Cumberland as deserters from the rebels, having all come into our lines since Gen. Rosecrans' advance on Tullahoma. The army is in splendid condition and anxious for a fight, but the rebel pickets tantalize our men and laugh at them, asserting that we can never catch them so long as Bragg, who can outrun Rosecrans, is in command.

Gen. Bragg is at Chattanooga with 25,000 men. He has lost 10,000 by desertion.

Gen. Joe Johnston's army, numbering 25,000 soldiers, is at Brandon and Enterprise. His army has lost one-third of its number by desertion.

Progress of the Siege at Charleston--The Rebels preparing to Evacuate Fort Sumter.

NEW YORK, Aug. 10. The steamship Fulton, from Port Royal, S. C., 16th, has arrived.

FLAGSHIP DENSMORE, Aug. 16. The shore batteries, in getting the range of their guns yesterday and the day before, knocked three holes in the walls of Sumter. The general impression prevails that the rebels are evacuating Sumter, and will blow it up as soon as the assault commences.

Out of nearly thirty guns on the parapets ten days ago, but six now remain; most of those that were in the casemates had previously disappeared. The rebels have erected a line of earthworks a mile long on James Island, from Fort Johnson to Secessionville, although they have but few guns mounted as yet. This is supposed to be the destination of the guns taken from Fort Sumter.

The Army of the Potomac, and Lee's Movements.

NEW YORK, 19th. The *Herald's* Washington dispatch contains the following relative to the Army of the Potomac and movements of Lee:

The rebels have extended their line of pickets to the Rappahannock, the army stretching from Madison Court House to Fredericksburg. Longstreet's corps has the right of the line, Hill's is along the Rapidan from Madison Court House to Ely's Ford, and Ewell's corps is encamped around Gordonsville, within supporting distance of Hill. Stuart's cavalry is all at Culpepper, and is doing nothing.

It is evident that Lee contemplates offensive operations. His army has been continuously moving in the direction of the lower fords of the Rappahannock for some time, and our commanding Generals have looked from day to day for demonstrations against our left.

From New Orleans--Re-opening of the Mississippi to Navigation.

NEW YORK, Aug. 19. Advices per Columbia state that by the re-opening of the Mississippi all kinds of provisions had fallen in that city below prices in New York. Flour that two weeks ago was $13 and $14 per bbl. is now sold for $6, and other articles in like proportion.

There are indications of a movement of the army before long.

The 13th army corps, formerly commanded by Gen. McClernand and now by Gen. Ord, has arrived at New Orleans.

Blockade Runners Captured, with 1500 Bales of Cotton.

NEW YORK, Aug. 20. Letters from the gunboat De Soto at Key West, states that the British schr. Lady Maria was captured on the 6th of July. On the 11th the De Soto chased a steamer and was rapidly overhauling her, when one of the De Soto's boilers burst, badly scalding five men, necessitating the abandonment of the chase. The boiler was repaired, and on the 18th the De Soto captured the steamer James Battle, and then gave chase to the rebel steamer William Bagley and captured her, after passing all the other blockaders who were in pursuit. All the above captures netted over 1500 bales of cotton.

A letter from the gunboat Sagamore, states that a vessel on the 8th captured three vessels from Nassau, in addition to others previously taken, all laden with contraband goods of great value to the rebels. The same vessel destroyed the small town of Smerina, Fla., on the 26th ult., which place was a rendezvous for guerillas.

Rebel Raiders Captured--Execution of Federal Prisoners at Richmond Postponed.

ORANGE COURT HOUSE, Aug. 16. A gentleman just arrived from Staunton reports that some 200 raiders were brought there yesterday, captured within 15 miles of that place.

Neither of the Richmond papers of Saturday refer to the execution of Capt. Sawyer and Flynn, which was to have taken place on Friday, the 14th, and it is probable that their execution has been quietly postponed. There is not much danger of its being carried out so long as Gen. W. H. Lee and Capt. Winder are held as hostages for them.

From the West--Rosecrans in Motion.

NEW YORK, Aug. 20. The St. Louis *Democrat* of Aug. 17, says that a letter from an officer under Gen. Rosecrans, dated Aug. 8, University Place, Headquarters 32d Brigade, 4th Division, 14th Corps, says: We are ordered to have our train in readiness to move, and to draft ten days' rations and forage. Destination supposed to be Atlanta, Ga. Gen. Turchin is our Brigade Commander.

The army is in motion, and will very probably take possession of Chattanooga without resistance.

Refugees report Bragg moving in the direction of Atlanta, and that his force is greatly weakened and disorganized.

The Bombardment of Sumter on Thursday--What the Rebels think of it.

NORFOLK, Va., Aug. 21. The Richmond *Whig* of to-day contains the following:

"CHARLESTOWN, Aug. 20. The enemy's operations during the last twenty-four hours have been most confined to a steady and continuous bombardment of Fort Sumter from their Parrott guns on Morris Island. Their fire begins to tell on Fort Sumter, which replies only at long intervals. The defense of the harbor does not depend mainly on Fort Sumter. Even if that fortress should be battered down, the harbor may still be held. Gov. Bonham has issued a proclamation urging the removal of all non-combatants from Charleston as soon as possible.

The 200-pounder Parrott guns of the enemy are too much for the walls of Sumter, and the fort only replies at intervals. It has been determined to defend the city street by street by street and house by house as long as a foot of earth is left."

Destruction of Lawrence, Kansas, by Guerrillas.

LEAVENWORTH, Kansas, Aug. 21. About 6 o'clock last evening the rebel guerrilla chief Quantrell, with a force of 800 strong, crossed the Missouri river into Kansas, near the town of Gardner, sixty miles below here, and immediately started for Lawrence, arriving before that town at 4 o'clock this morning.

Quantrell posted a guard around the town so that the inhabitants could not escape, and with the remainder of his men commenced pillaging stores, shooting citizens and firing houses. A gentleman who managed to escape, and secreted himself in a corn field near the town, reports that he saw m the river at 8 o'clock, and on reaching the bluffs this side, had a plain view of the town, which was then a sheet of flames. From what he saw he thinks the loss reached two millions, and by this time, perhaps, much more, as the rebels seemed determined to destroy everything that would burn.

We cannot learn that any resistance was made, as the citizens were taken by surprise, the first alarm being the crackling of the flames and the yells of the rebel incendiaries. A large number of Union troops have been sent in pursuit of the guerrillas, but with what success is not known.

Reports from Richmond--A New Rebel Invasion contemplated.

NEW YORK, Aug. 21. The *Times'* Washington dispatch says a gentleman of foreign birth and holding an official position in Richmond, writes to his friend in this city that the report is current that Gen. Lee will shortly offer battle to Gen. Meade, and if that General refuses to accept it and falls back under the protection of Washington, Lee will invade Maryland, where preparations have been made by the secessionists of that State to receive him and give him all the assistance possible, in men, money and provisions.

All the rebel officers who were in Richmond on leaves of absence have gone back to their regiments. The city contains nobody now except civilians and invalids. It is also reported that a whole division, supposed to have been detached from the Army of the West, passed through Richmond on the 12th inst., to take part in the operations of the fall campaign, whose opening will take place in the early part of September.

From Arkansas--Despotism of the Copperhead Government, and Starving Condition of the People.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., Aug. 21. Advices from Arkansas says that all the rebel forces in that State were concentrated at Almeda, five miles below Little Rock. Kirby Smith had arrived and taken command. The troops were erecting fortifications The people in White River county were almost in a starving condition, and there is a strong disposition throughout the State to accept peace on any terms.

W. H. Lee, a friend and classmate of the editor of the *Bulletin*, who has just arrived from Georgia, says nothing can equal the abject and starving condition of the people of the Southern States, and the unmitigated despotism practiced on them. The people are ripe for a movement to overthrow their rulers, and such action cannot be much longer delayed.

Continued Bombardment of Fort Sumter--Its walls Badly Damaged---Death of Capt. Rogers.

PHILADELPHIA, 23. The Arkansas left Charleston Wednesday morning and reports that the navy and army shore batteries have caused tremendous damage to Fort Sumter, and a complete demolishment of its walls is looked for within a week.

The following account of the bombardment is from the pen of Charles C. Fulton, editor of the Baltimore *American*:

FLAG-SHIP DENSMORE, Tuesday, Aug. 18th.

The attack on Sumter commenced at daybreak yesterday morning by the siege batteries on the shore.

At 6 o'clock Admiral Dahlgren proceeded on board the Weehawken and with the Ironsides and the entire monitor fleet attacked batteries Wagner and Gregg with great fury, completely silencing Wagner and almost silencing Gregg. The wooden gunboats seven in number, also joined in the assault and enabled all the shore batteries to pour their shot and shell into Fort Sumter.

At 10 o'clock the Admiral changed his flag to the Passaic, and with the Patapsco proceeded to within 1400 yards of Fort Sumter and shelled the sea wall with the rifled guns of these vessels for about an hour with marked effect. Sumter fired about 50 return shots, doing no damage to the vessels, whilst the wall of Sumter was badly scarred.

Fleet Capt. Geo. W. Rodgers took command of his old vessel, the monitor Catskill, and went up into the fight, going within 150 yards of the beach front of battery Wagner. After firing a number of shots a shot from Fort Wagner broke a piece of the interior lining, which struck on the head of Commander Rodgers, instantly killing him, as well as Paymaster Woodbury, who was standing at his side. Both of their heads were split open. These were the only persons injured on land or water during the six hours' engagement.

The damage done to Sumter by the siege batteries is visible without the aid of a glass. The rebels had erected a false wall against the wall exposed to our batteries. It extends to within 10 feet of the top of a wall over 40 feet high and 10 feet thick, and this wall is now a mass of ruins, whilst the old wall is bored full of deep holes, the parapet crushed and ragged and the northwest corner gushed and cracked down almost to the waters edge.

None of the vessels were injured in the least, and the Admiral and his officers are confident in the ability of the monitors to batter down Sumter. He is, however, anxious to save the vessels for the heavy work required of them after Sumter is taken. and to let the army reduce Sumter if possible.

The shore batterics continued firing all the afternoon and night on the walls of Sumter with good effect.

The Weehawken and Passaic are keeping the batteries of Wagner and Gregg silent, and up to noon, when the Arkansas sailed the remainder of the fleet are lying at the moorings.

Gen. Gilmore announces that the work thus far has been entirely satisfactory, that the fort is greatly damaged and the work is progressing finely.

Particulars of the Sacking of Lawrence--Citizens Indiscriminately Slaughtered.

LEAVENWORTH, Kas., 22d. From citizens of Lawrence, Kansas, who have arrived here for supplies and medicines, I have gathered the following particulars of the burning of that city by the guerrillas:

The list of killed and wounded numbers some 180, the majority of whom were killed and wounded who belong to all classes of society.

Among the most prominet citizens known to be killed are the following: Gen. G. W. Colemor, Mayor of the city and his son, J. G. Low, Josiah Wash, C. H. Throop, Dr. Griswold, James Eldridge, Col. Stone and two brothers, John Spear and his three brothers, Judge Carpenter, Rev. Mr. Snyder, Lyaces and Brothers and Brant. These were killed instantly, most of them in their own houses with their wives and children clinging to them, while the murderers placed pistols to their breasts and shot them down.

In one case the guerrillas drove our men into a house, shot and burned the building. The friends of these twelve men while standing on the banks of the river, were fired into by the murderers, and a number were killed and wounded. Twenty-five negro recruits were shot dead. The guerrillas took all money they could find in the pockets or houses of citizens. They stole all the jewelry of the ladies even to rings on their fingers. They spared nothing that was at all valuable. General Jim Lane managed to escape on horse back and rallied about 20 men fully armed and equipped and followed and overtook Quantrell when 12 miles from Lawrence. Quantrell is now retreating toward Missouri, burning and laying waste everything on the route.

The guerrillas are probably safe in Missouri with their glunder, as good Union citizens.

The loss at Lawrence is not less than $2,000,000, and will fall heavy on New York and Leavenworth merchants. Two banks were robbed of every dollar.

Successful Expedition to Grenada, Mississippi--Large amount of Rebel property destroyed.

MEMPHIS, Tenn, 22d. via Louisvill, 23d.

About two weeks since Major General Hurlburt ascertained that there was a large amount of railroad stock at Grenada which the rebels were endeavoring to get off South by making temporary repairs on the railroad. With his usual energy and promptness General Hurlburt arranged an expedition to destroy this stock, first sending a regiment to General Grant to make a divisien from the South to aid the enterprise. The expedition started from Lagrange, Tenn., on the 13th, under command of Lieutenant Colonel Phillips of the 19th Ill., regiment of mounted infantry, and reached Grenada on the 17th, driving General Slimmer, with 2000 men and three pieces of artillery, from the place.

They then destroyed 57 locomotives, upwards of 40 cars, the depot buildings, machine and blacksmith shops and a large quantity of ordnance and commissary stores. They captured a number of railroad employees and other prisoners.—The expedition returned to Lagrange today.

Foreign News.

TWO DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE.

The steamship Asia from Liverpool 8th and Queenstown 9th, arrived off Cape Race August 17th.

Great Britain.

Political news unimportant.

The London morning *Post* having repeated the statement of the New York *Herald* that the Federal conscription is avowedly a menace to England, the *Globe* announces, apparently upon authority, that no authentic intelligence had been received giving the assertion the slightest assurance of probability, and says;

"Although the American Government expects, from our own action, interference with the fitting out of war vessels which the law of England does not appear to sanction, yet there is no interruption of general amity between the two countries, and in the force of the language held toward us in the name of the authorities of Washington it is, we may say, impossible that they could have made declarations menacing us such as that set forth."

The *Index*, the Confederate organ in London says the South neither can or will submit. The North can never conquer the South; that is a physical and geographical impossibility. The South cannot submit to the North; that is morally and physically impossible. It seems hopeless to expect that the South can for many years so completely beat the North as to extort the acknowledgement of its independence. It must rest, therefore with foreign powers to determine when they declare a conflict so disastrous to the civilized world, has lasted long enough and that the Union cannot be restored.

The Confederate loan, on the 6th, rallied to 23 a 21 per cent. discount.

The Committe appointed by the English Government to investigate the question of submarine telegraph, had signed a certificate favorable to the laying and working of an Atlantic Cable.

The Polish Question.

The London *Times* says it is stated that the three powers have agreed to send a note to Russia, to be accompanied by separate despatches from each to their respective Representatives, and that unless Russia makes some sign of yielding, a diplomatic rupture will be announced as impending in the common note. Whatever course the mere forms of negotiation may take, the reality consists of a growing and not very threatening antagonism between France and Russia, which will leave England a neutral though not unsympathetic spectator.

An iron-clad ram for Russia, building in England, had been hurried off to Russia incomplete, in view of eventualities.

A despatch from Warsaw says—In pursuance to orders from St. Petersburg, a council of war had been held in that city. At its termination, notice was given to the Warsaw and & Vienna R. R. Co., that for the space of one week they should suspend public traffic and prepare all their carriages for the conveyance of the military.

France.

The Bourse is again influenced by the energetic efforts of the war party, and rentes on the 7th lost 3 8 per cent.

FOUR DAYS LATER.

The steamer Sidon from Liverpool 12th and Queenstown 12th arrived at St. Johns, N. F. Aug. 19th.

The *Times* says a rumor was current at Chatham that in consequence of the recent menacing news from America the Government intends sending additional troops to British North America. The *Times* says it should not be surprised if something arose out of the alleged proposition from Jeff. Davis to Napoleon for offensive and defensive alliance between Mexico and French protection and the Confederates, which would be quite consistent with the late French policy. The world might look with favor on such a contingency, but absolute neutrality would be England's policy.

The *Times* looks upon the election of the Archduke Maximilian in Mexico as important, as it will have a tendency to union between France and Austria, and a division between France and America. The North must be incensed against Napoleon, and the Federal power can hardly fail to come into collision with the New Empire.

The Daily *News* is bitter on the French policy in Mexico, and does not believe that the Archduke Maximilian will accept the position.

The *Patrie* says if he accepts, France and England will recognize him immediately, and other Powers will follow.

The Emperor and Empress of France sent their congratulations to the Archduke.

The Polish question exhibits no new phase, but public opinion points to peace.

It is reported that Austria has sent a proposition to Russia containing a slight nominal modification.

The *La France* asserts that the French note firmly maintains the claims advanced by the three Powers, but it is drawn up in a spirit of modification.

Engagements continue between the insurgents and troops.

A China telegram announces that Japan affairs are temporarily settled. The American Legation was burned.

The Markets.

AUGUSTA PRICES CURRENT.

CORRECTED WEEKLY.

Flour,	$7 00 to 10 00	Round Hog,	$5 00 to 6 00
Corn Meal,	1 00 to 1 10	Clear Salt Pork,	9 00 to 10 00
Rye Meal,	1 20 to 1 35	Mutton,	6 to 10
Wheat,	1 62 to 2 00	Turkeys,	10 to 12
Rye,	90 to 95	Chickens,	10 to 12
Corn,	85 to 90	Geese,	7 to 10
Barley,	75 to 80	Clover seed,	10 to 15
Beans,	2 50 to 3 00	Herdsgrass,	2 50 to 2 75
Oats,	60 to 65	Red Top,	75 to 80
Potatoes,	90 to 95	Hay,	14 00 to 16 00
Dried Apples,	6 to 8	Lime,	85 to 1 00
Cooking "	25 to 50	Fleece Wool,	45 to 60
Winter "	40 to 50	Pulled Wool,	50 to 60
Butter	18 to 20	Sheep Skins,	1 75 to 2 00
Cheese,	11 to 14	Hides,	6½ to 7
Eggs,	16 to 18	Calf Skins,	14 to 15
Lard,	12 to 14	Lamb Skins,	75 to 1 00

BRIGHTON MARKET---Aug. 19.

At market, 1874 Beeves, 55 Stores, 8000 Sheep and Lambs and 660 Swine.

Prices—Market Beef—Extra $8,75; first quality $8,25; second do. $7,25; third do. $6,00.
Working Oxen—$75, 85, 90, 100, 110 @ $125.
Milch Cows—$49 @ 55; common $19 @ $21.
Veal Calves—$5,00 @ $7,00.
Yearlings—none; two years old, none; three years old $24 @ $26.
Hides—8 @ 8½c. *Calf Skins* 12 @14c. ℔ lb.
Tallow—Sales at 7c @ 7½c ℔ lb.
Pelts—50 @ 75.
Sheep and Lambs—$2,75 @ $4.25; extra 5,00, @ 5 75.
Spring Pigs—Wholesale, 7c; retail, 6 @ 8c.

Beeves are sold by the head, at prices equal to the value per pound of the estimated weight of beef in the quarter, the same price, at a shrinkage from live weight, agreed on by the parties, varying from 28 to 34 ℔ cent.

BOSTON MARKET....Aug 22.

Flour—The market is steady but quiet for Flour, and the sales have been at $4,50 @ $4,87 for Western superfine; $5,00 @ $5,75 for common extras; $5,75 @ $6,75 for medium do.; and $7,25 @ $9,25 for good and choice brands, including favorite St. Louis.

CORN—Western mixed, 75 @ 80c, per bushel.
OATS—Western and Canada, 55 @ 60c ℔ bushel.
RYE—$1 05 ℔ bushel.
HAY—Sales of Eastern at $15½ @ $16.
WOOL—Fleece and pulled Wool. 65 @ 70 ℔ lb.

NEW YORK MARKET.....Aug. 24.

Flour—State and Western continues dull and unsettled; Superfine State $3,90 a $4,50; choice extra $4,60 a 4,90; choice, 4,95 a 5.15; round hoop Ohio $5,00 a 5,40; superfine Western 3,90 a 4,50; extra Western 4.35 a 4,95; Southern 5 cents lower—mixed to good $5.20 a $6,25; fancy and extra $6,75 a 9,00; Canada 10 a 20c lower—common 5,15 a 5,35; extra $5,85 a $7,19.

Wheat opened dull and 1 a 2 cents lower—Chicago spring 75 a 1,06; Milwaukie club $1 05 @ $1 15; red winter western $1 13 @ $1,21; Canada club 1 10 @ $1 17.

Corn 1 a 2c better—mixed western 71c @ 72c.

Barley—Not quoted.

Special Notices.

THE CONFESSIONS AND EXPERIENCE OF AN INVALID.

Published for the benefit, and as a warning and CAUTION TO YOUNG MEN who suffer from Nervous Debility, Premature Decay of Manhood, etc., supplying at the same time, THE MEANS OF SELF CURE. By one who has cured himself after being put to great expense and injury through medical humbug and quackery.

By enclosing a post-paid addressed envelope, single copies may be had of the author. NATHANIEL MAYFAIR, Esq.,
1y23 Bedford, Kings County, N. Y.

NOTICE.

The Semi-Annual Meeting of Kennebec County Agricultural Society, will be held at the Show Building at Bendfield Corner, on MONDAY, Sept. 7th, at 1 o'clock P. M.

All interested are invited to be present.

DAVID CARGILL, Sec'y.

East Winthrop, Aug. 10, 1863.

EAST SOMERSET AGRI'L SOCIETY

Will hold their Cattle Show and Fair at HARTLAND on TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, the 15th, 16th and 17th of September next. The exhibition of field crops will be held at Hartland the third Saturday of November next.

THOMAS FULLER, Sec'y.

Hartland, August 17, 1863.

NOTICE.

The members of the Executive Committee of the Kennebec Union Agricultural and Horticultural Society, are notified that their Semi-Annual Meeting will be held at the City Hall, Gardiner, on SATURDAY, the 5th day of September next, at 1 o'clock P. M. A full and prompt attendance is desirable. Arrangements are to be made for the approaching Cattle Show and Fair.

N. FOSTER, Sec'y.

Gardiner, Aug. 22, 1863.

NORTH WALDO AGRI'L SOCIETY.

The Cattle Show and Fair of the North Waldo Agricultural Society will be held at Unity village on the 21st and 22d of October next.

B. B. STEVENS, Sec'y.

WOLFE'S

AROMATIC SCHIEDAM SCHNAPPS.

A universal curative in CONSUMPTION; removing the Tubercles, healing the Ulcers, and removing the cough.

Recommended by the Medical Faculty as a Catholicon in the removal of DYSPEPSIA in all its forms.

In DROPSY its established curative properties have long been without a rival, as attested by universal medical testimony.

The Diuretic and Solvent properties of the "Aromatic Schiedam Schnapps," render it decidedly efficacious in GRAVEL and all other affections of Kidneys.

In GOUT and RHEUMATISM, if taken in the form of warm punch, the patient lying warmly covered in bed, this pure alcoholic distillation will effect a speedy cure.

Taken as hot punch, in HUMORAL and SPASMODIC ASTHMA, it affords immediate relief from the distressing symptoms.

By its peculiar and specific qualities, it arrests the cold stage in AGUE and FEVER, and prepares the system for the administration of the admitted curatives of this disease.

Administered in CHOLERA, CHOLERA MORBUS, and COLIC, it removes spasm, restores the function of the Liver, and rapidly produces healthy secretions. It should be taken mixed with hot water and sugar.

As a NERVINE, a TONIC and a PURIFIER of the blood, a trial of fifteen years in all climates and under all circumstances, has stamped it with universal approbation.

Peculiarly adapted to the complaints of delicate FEMALES it stands pre-eminent among the established curatives of the day.

It is the only alcoholic preparation, in our country, that can be, generally, imbibed with pleasure and safety; never even when taken to excess, producing headache or other unpleasant consequences.

Sold, handsomely wrapped in yellow papers, in pint and quart bottles, by all Druggists, Apothecaries and Grocers in the United States. Purchase from the advertised agents to prevent imposition, in counterfeits and imitations, as the whole country is flooded with them.

BOURBON WHISKEY,

BOTTLED BY

UDOLPHO WOLFE.

Warranted pure and of the best quality, with the proprietor's name on the cork, and a fac-simile of his signature on the label. For sale by F. W. KINSMAN, Augusta, Me. 3m25

The sale of the Plantation Bitters is without precedent in the history of the world. There is no secret in the matter. They are at once the most speedy, strengthening health-restorer ever discovered. It requires but a single trial for understand this. Their purity can always be relied upon. They are composed of the celebrated Calisaya Bark, Cascarilla Bark, Dandelion, Chamomile Flowers, Lavender Flowers, Wintergreen, Anise, Cloverbuds, Orange-peel, Snake-root, Caraway, Coriander, Burkcock, C. H. Whitney, Newberg, Hermon W. Kendall, Hermon. March, 1863.

William Robinson, Hermon, M. E. Rice, Stetson. Jonathan Buswell, Stetson. Charles H. Hayes, Exeter. Jesse Mayo, Exeter, Volney A. Sprague Corinna, Noah Marsh, East Newport, Ezra Withee, Hardand, K. C. Farrington, Auburn, George A. Emery, Hampden, Noah G. Carson, Augusta, Frederick Clark, Newcastle,

S.—T.—1860—X. &c.

They are especially recommended to clergymen, public speakers, and persons of literary habits and sedentary life, who require free digestion, a relish for food, and clear mental faculties. Delicate females and weak persons are certain to find in these Bitters what they have so long looked for.

They purify, strengthen and invigorate.
They create a healthy appetite.
They are an antidote to change of water and diet.
They overcome the effects of dissipation and late hours.
They strengthen the system and enliven the mind.
They prevent miasmatic and intermittent fevers.
They purify the breath and acidity of the stomach.
They cure Dyspepsia and Constipation.
They cure Diarahœa, Cholera and Cholera Morbus.
They cure Liver Complaint and Nervous Headache.
They are the best Bitters in the world. They make the weak man strong, and are exhausted nature's great restorer.

The following startling and emphatic statements can be seen at our office:

Letter of Rev. E. F. CRANE, Chaplain of the 107 New York Regiment:

NEAR ACQUIA CREEK, March 4, 1863.

Owing to the great exposure and terrible ill-composition after the battle of Antietam, I was utterly prostrated, and very sick. My stomach would not retain medicine. An article called Plantation Bitters, prepared by Dr. Drake of New York, was prescribed to give me strength and an appetite. To my great surprise they gave me immediate relief. Two bottles almost allowed me to join my regiment. * * * * I have since seen them used in many cases, and am free to say, for hospital or private purposes I know of nothing like them.

REV. E. F. CRANE, Chaplain.

Letter from the Rev. N. E. GILDS, St. Clairsville, Pa.

GENTLEMEN:—You were kind enough, on a former occasion to send me a half dozen bottles of Plantation Bitters for $3.50. My wife having derived so much benefit from the use of these Bitters, I desire her to continue them, and you will please send us six bottles more for the money inclosed.

I am, very truly, yours,
N. E. GILDS, Pastor Ger. Ref. Church.

SOLDIERS' HOME, SUPERINTENDENT'S OFFICE, Cincinnati, Ohio, Jan. 15th, 1863.

* * * * * * *

I have given your Plantation Bitters to hundreds of our noble soldiers who stop here, more or less disabled from various causes, and the effect is marvelous and gratifying.

Such a preparation as this is I heartily wish in every family, in every hospital, and at hand on every battle field.

G. W. D. ANDREWS, Superintendent.

DR. W A. CHILDS, Surgeon of the Tenth Vermont Regiment, writes:—"I wish every soldier had a bottle of Plantation Bitters. They are the most effective, perfect, and harmless tonic I ever used."

WILLARD'S HOTEL, Washington, D. C, May 22d, 1863.

GENTLEMEN:—We require another supply of your Plantation Bitters, the popularity of which daily increases with the guests of our house.

Respectfully, SYKES, CHADWICK & Co.

&c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c.

Be sure that every bottle bears the fac-simile of our signature on a steel plate label, with our private stamp over the cork.

P. H. DRAKE & CO.

202 BROADWAY.

Sold by all respectable Druggists, Physicians, Grocers, Hotels, Saloons, and country dealers. cop6m37

HAIR DYE! HAIR DYE!!

BATCHELOR'S celebrated HAIR DYE *is the best in the World*. The only harmless, true and reliable Dye known. This splendid Hair Dye is perfect—changes Red, Rusty or Grey Hair, instantly to a *Glossy Black* or *Natural Brown*, without injuring the hair or staining the skin, leaving the hair soft and beautiful; imparts fresh vitality, frequently restoring its pristine color, and rectifies the ill effects of Bad Dyes. The Genuine is signed WILLIAM A. BATCHELOR, all others are mere imitations, and should be avoided. Sold by all Druggists, &c. FACTORY—81 BARCLAY STREET, N. Y.

Batchelor's New Toilet Cream for Dressing the Hair. 1y30

DUTCHER'S LIGHTNING FLY-KILLER.

Supplies a want felt by every good house-keeper. Every sheet will kill a quart where flies are thick. Remember that it is DUTCHER'S that does this, and refuse the base imitations that are offered. The real article is for sale by all respectable Druggists

H. H HAY, Portland, Wholesale Agent.

Married.

In Augusta, Aug. 13th, by Rev. T. Gierlow, W. Havermann of Germany, to Julia E., daughter of the late W. L. Wheeler, Esq., of Augusta; Aug. 6th, by W. A. Drew, Sumner Smiley of Farmingdale, to Laura H. Scott of Pittston; Aug. 22d, by Rev. Mr. Ingraham, Albert Shepherd of Dover, N. H., to Betsey L. Pierce.

In Bingham, Aug 20th, by Rev. J. Robinson, Hiram Jones of Athens, to Hannah N. Collins of Cornville.

In Belfast, Richard Crane of Grafton, Mass., to Arethusa J. Barrett of Belfast.

In Mt Desert, Alonzo P. Atherton of Tremont, to Mary E. Stanley of Brooklin.

In Pembroke, Austin F. Kingsley to Mary Cosseboom, both of East Machias.

In Rockland, Thomas J. Bennett to Elizabeth Lane.

In Monroe, Apollos R. Gilmore to Elvira Stafford

In Searsmont, Alvin Blodgett to Mary E. Wentworth.

In Bangor, Henry M. Wiley to Frances A. Horton.

In Portland, Rev. J. C. Snow of Lewiston, to Lydia Jane Howe

Died.

In Augusta, Aug. 13th, Stephen Patten, Jr., aged 25 years 6 months.

At Sby Park, Eldorado county (from accidental injuries received while on his way to Washoe,) Lieut. Frank C. Pierce of Augusta, Me.

In Vassalboro', Aug. 20th, Jane Wyman aged 76 years.

In Sidney, July 26th, William Ham, aged 70 years; July 30th, Franklin Woodcock, aged 66 years 4 months.

In Brashoar City, La., July 24, Rufus E Brackett of Belfast, member of Co. I, 26th Me. Regt.

In Readfield, July 13th, E. H. Gove, son of Samuel M. and Sarah Gove, member of Co. B, 8th Me. Regt.; aged 22 years; Aug. 1st, M E. Gove, daughter of Samuel M. and Sarah Gove, aged 13 years 9 months.

In Knox, Frances A., wife of Chas. F. Chandler, aged 25 yrs.

In Mt. Vernon, Aug. 22d, Frank Bradley, only surviving son of R. M. and Emily A. Mansur, aged 2 years 4 months; Aug. 16th, Melcher Francis, aged 14 months; Aug. 18th, Kendrick, aged 6 years, youngest sons of Moses S. and Harriet A. Mayhew.

In Wayne, Mrs. Sally, widow of Collins Lovejoy, aged 78 yrs.

In Fayette, Lorin S. Clough, member of 24th Me. Regt., aged 36 years; Otis Conant, member of Me. Battery, aged 30 years.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

TO CHICAGO AND RETURN, via Sarnia Steamer, $20.

DETROIT AND RETURN by rail, $25.

WHITE MOUNTAINS AND RETURN, $4.

MONTREAL AND QUEBEC, (via the White Mountains) $13.

Tickets good for Thirty days from issue.

4wis37 J. W. CLAPP, Agent, Augusta.

FALL AND WINTER

DRESS GOODS

Just received, consisting of the Latest Importations.

SHAWLS,

HOUSE-KEEPING GOODS, HOSIERY AND GLOVES,

BALMORALS AND HOOP SKIRTS, &c, &c.

All of which will be sold at the lowest prices for cash.

WHEELER & HOBSON, No. 4 Bridge's Block.

Augusta, Aug 24, 1863. 37



FOR SALE,

Until the 25th of September.

A house situated on Western Avenue, corner of Chapel Street, in the City of Augusta, and for the last year occupied by the subscriber as a public house. If not sold at private sale by the 25th, it will then be sold at Auction Terms, one-half down, the remainder in 12 and 18 months. A. S. ARNOLD, Proprietor.

Augusta, Aug. 24, 1863. 3w37*

BALMORALS,

A nice article for $2,75

37 WHEELER & HOBSON.

WOOL BLANKETS.

9-4, 10-4, 11-4, 12-4 Wool Blankets, at low prices.

37 WHEELER & HOBSON.

WANTED,

500 COAT MAKERS at R. T. BOSWORTH'S.

Augusta, Aug. 25, 1863. 37

A. CRAWFORD & CO.'S

STUMP AND ROCK

EXTRACTOR AND ELEVATOR,

FOR 1863.

PATENTED FEBRUARY 18, 1862.

This Machine (as represented by the engravings on the first page) consists of a Rocking Head, connected with a Ratchet Wheel by Cross Rangers and Pawls, so that when the Head is rocked, by means of Levers, the Wheel is kept in motion, carrying round with it a Chain or Specket Wheel (with which it is cast solid) over which a heavy chain passes and is kept from slipping by means of flanges, so that the more weight there is attached, the more securely it is fastened to the wheel, while any length of chain may be used and a body raised to any height desired.

The purchase and strength of the Machine is doubled by attaching a heavy iron pulley (as represented in the cuts.)

To reverse the action of the Machine, heavy Spiral Springs, suspended from each arm of the Rocking Head are hooked to the Pawl Rangers, and with the same motion of the Lever the Wheel turns back lowering the weight as far as desirable.

Fig. 1 represent the Machine on Sheers, by which means a stump of the largest size may be extracted entirely from the ground and suspended so that it can be left in any position desired. With this mode of operating the Machine, iron braces (not represented in the cut) are hooked to the Scraps on the Sheers, and also Chains to the Drags or Feet of the Sheers, so that it may be moved from stump to stump, or rock to rock by a horse or oxen.

Fig. 2 represents the Machine mounted on Wheels, by which means a large rock may be raised out of the ground and moved off at once. The carriage is easily constructed by a man of common ingenuity, and the wheels may be used for other purposes on the farm or road when not needed with the Machine.

The operation of this Machine is only to be witnessed to convince the most skeptical of its utility and the great advantage to be derived from its use. Some of the advantages of this Machine, are:

1st, The many uses to which it is better adapted than any other.

2 The great amount of power gained whereby from ten to fifteen tons may be raised by one man with ease.

3d, The great amount of labor the Machine is capable of performing, and the small amount of help required to operate it—one man only being necessary when the work is not very heavy.

4th, Being simple in its construction, unlikely to get out of repair, and easily repaired if injured.

5th, The advantage of pulling horizontally as well as perpendicularly.

6th, The advantage of detaching it from one bearing and attaching it to another as readily as a tackle.

The following certificate of prominent men in different parts of the State of

THE MAINE FARMER: AN AGRICULTURAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

Poetry.

DEAD.

The seasons weave their ancient dance
The restless ocean ebbs and flows,
The world rolls on through day and dark,
Regardless of our joys or woes.

Still up the breezy western slopes
The reaper girls, like apples brown,
Bend singing to their gleeful toil,
And sweep the golden harvest down:

Still, where the slanting sunlight gilds
The poles of cedar and of pine,
Chants the lone black-bird from the brake
With melancholy voice divine:

Still all about the mossy tracks
Hums at his drag the wood-ward bee;
Still fitfully the corn-cracke's note
Comes to me from the upland lea:

Still round the forest bower she loved,
The woodbine trails its rich festoons;
The slumbrous poppies burn and fall
Beneath the silent autumn moons:

Still round her lattice, perched aloof,
In sunny shade of thatched eaves,
The jasmine clings, with yearning pale,
And withers in its shroud of leaves:

Still round the old familiar porch
Her cherished roses blush and peer,
And fill the sunny air with balm,
And strew their petals year by year.

Nor here within, one touch of change!
The footstool—the embroidered chair—
The books—the arras on the wall—
The harp—the music—all are there.

No touch of change! I close my eyes—
It cannot be she comes no more!
I hear the the rustling of her dress;
I hear her footsteps on the floor;

I feel her breath upon my brow;
I feel her kiss upon my cheek;—
Down, phantoms of the buried past!
Down, or my heavy heart must break!

Our Story-Teller.

THE PHANTOM BRIDE,

Or, the Test of Love.

"Will you love me, beyond the tomb even?" The question came from the vermillion lips of a young girl at a fancy ball in Paris during the reign of Louis XIV. She was a brilliant brunette, with abundant raven hair, and wore the Spanish veil and mantilla, which she had assumed for the occasion, with all the grace of a daughter of Andalusia. Her companion, a noble Scotch Earl of some two or three and twenty, arrayed as a warrior of Mary Stuart's, in Scotch plaid and Highland bonnet and feather, had been pursuing the fair unknown all the evening with the protestation of love and eternal fidelity. His answer was prompt and unhesitating:

"Yes, I swear it. If I die I will dream of you in the sepulchre, and a thrill of joy will welcome you if your foot but press the grass over my head."

"And if I should die?" inquired the young girl, in a sad tone.

"If you should die, I will be as faithful to you dead as living; if you should be permitted to visit me, I will kiss your cold hand with as much love as at this moment," and he pressed to his lips the little white hand of the beautiful Spaniard.

"Ah, well! I permit you then to love me. We shall see if you will be constant. Farewell; we shall meet again."

"But where?—when?" demanded the Earl, anxiously.

"I cannot tell. Perhaps here—perhaps elsewhere—but you will see me."

And, with a gesture which forbade him to follow her, she disappeared in the crowd.

Two years passed away, during which Earl Ralph Morton sought vainly at Marly, Versailles, in every place of public resort, for his beautiful unknown. He was a Scotchman by birth, and, like many of his countrymen, had entered the service of the king of France. But a court life did not comport very well with his slender fortune, and he became, ere long, deeply involved in debt.

"You must find some rich heiress," said his sympathizing friends; it was the usual resource of embarrassed gentlemen of that day. But the Earl had not forgotten the bewitching Andalusian, and he was in no mood for the search. He was spared the trouble, however. His uncle, who was Archbishop of an Assyrian city destroyed by the Romans, informed him one day that it was time for him to marry, and that he had found a wife for him.

"Is she rich?" inquired Ralph. "I do not ask if she is pretty—it is all the same to me."

"Very rich and very pretty."

The Earl thought of his unknown and sighed; then thought of his creditors and consented. The uncle arranged everything, and when all was settled he gave the nephew his benediction and two hundred pistoles, and sent him off to Burgundy, to pay his respects to Mademoiselle de Roche Noire, whom he was to marry in a fortnight.

A gloomy journey of several days duration brought him at length to the ancient feudal manor-house of Roche Noire, situated in the heart of a forest, on a lofty rock from which it derived its name. He was expected. The ground door of the mansion was open, and an aged servant met him at the threshold, and conducted him to a large hall, at the extremity of which sat an old man and a young girl. The former, whom he divined at once to be the Baron of Roche Noire, rose at his entrance, and, saluting him in the somewhat formal fashion of the day, presented him to his daughter Herminne. The latter had the voluptuous beauty of the flower which has unfolded under a southern sun. She was pale, with fair hair, and eyes of the deep blue of an Italian sky. Her figure was rich but graceful, her hands exquisitely shaped and transparent as alabaster. So much the Earl saw as he bent before his betrothed, and in spite of his professed indifference, he inwardly congratulated himself on his good fortune.

The Earl and Baron exchanged the usual reciprocal compliments and inquiries. Ralph was accustomed to society, and understood well the art of making himself agreeable; the Baron, spite of his seventy winters, had not forgotten to be a courtier; and Herminne had the simple grace and dignity, the modesty without prudery, of a young girl of high birth, religiously educated, but without rigidity. The conversation soon became animated and sparkling, while Ralph watched Herminne, and now and then whispered to himself, "She is charming! Blessings on my uncle for finding me a wife at once so pretty and so rich."

When supper was announced he offered his hand to the young girl, who accepted it with a blush, while the Baron led the way to the dining-room. It was a lofty apartment, furnished in the massive style of Louis XIV., and upon the walls were suspended ancient family portraits. As Ralph's eye glanced over these it was attracted by one whose freshness formed a striking contrast to the smoky canvasses devoted to the defunct Barons of Roche Noire. It represented a young girl of dazzling, but foreign beauty, such as is only found under southern skies. A more brilliant daughter of Spain never danced the *bolero* in the perfumed gardens of the Alhambra. The eyes of Ralph were fixed immovably upon the canvas; the first glance told that it was his long lost unknown of the fancy ball.

"Come, my dear Earl," said the Baron, "let us be seated."

Ralph started and obeyed, then turned his eyes from the portrait to Herminne. In contrast with that glowing beauty she appeared to him utterly insipid. He made some remark about the picture. The Baron did not reply, but a cloud passed over his face, and Herminne turned pale, and sat silent, with downcast eyes. A chill seemed to be thrown over those three persons, just now talking so joyously. Brief remarks were made occasionally, in a constrained force, and the supper ended almost in silence. At its close the Earl made the fatigue of his journey an excuse for retiring early. As the servant was conducting him to his apartment they passed again through the dining-hall.

"Whose portrait is this?" he asked, pointing to the portrait of the lady.

The servant hesitated.

"Speak!" said the Earl imperiously.

"It is the portrait of Mademoiselle Fulmen," said the old man, trembling.

"And who is she?"

"The elder sister of Mademoiselle Herminne."

"But she is dressed in Spanish costume."

"Yes; her mother was a Spanish lady."

"And Fulmen, where is she now?"

"She is dead," said the old man solemnly. "She lies at the left of thé altar, in the chapel of the castle."

* * * * * * *

Fatigue had no power that night to bring sleep to Ralph's eyelids. It was in vain that he extinguished the candles, and buried his head under the blankets; the image of Fulmen radiant with beauty, as she was represented in the picture, and as he had seen her at the fancy ball; again, it was Fulmen pale and cold, extended in her coffin, under the pavement of the chapel. Then he remembered his oath to love her as well dead as living, and a cold sweat bathed his brow. At that moment a light at the opposite extremity of the apartment attracted his attention; a door, whose existence he had not suspected, turned noiselessly on its hinges, the candles re-lighted themselves spontaneously, and a figure draped in a winding sheet, entered the room, and approached his bed. It advanced slowly; the most acute ear could have detected no sound of footsteps. Brave as he was, the Earl trembled at the apparition. When the figure was within a few feet of the bed the winding sheet was thrown back, and revealed a young girl dressed in Spanish costume.

"Fulmen!" he murmured, "the picture has descended from its frame."

It was indeed Fulmen, just as she was painted, save that the lips were pale, the eyes mournful, the whole expression unspeakably sad.

"Fulmen!" repeated the Earl, with a tone of terror in which was mingled a sort of feverish joy.

"It is I," she said. "Do you remember your oath? They have told you that I am dead."

The teeth of Ralph chattered, but the voice was so pure, so melodious, that it aided him to shake off the torpor which was creeping over him.

"No, you are not dead," he exclaimed with an effort.

"I have been dead a year," replied Fulmen, sadly. "They buried me in the chapel. You can read my epitaph on the marble slab, the third from the high altar."

Ralph could not detach his eyes from this singular creature, whose marvelous beauty counteracted in some degree the terror which the apparition would otherwise have caused.

"Alas!" resumed the spectre, drawing the shroud about her form, with all the coquetry with which a living belle might wrap an opera cloak around her, "I am dead, really dead, at seventeen—when life was full of light, and perfume, and music; when tears even, were so sweet that they resembled smiles; when the present was happy that the future was quite forgotten; and then I loved you. I trusted in your oath, but you did not care for me. You have come here to marry my sister."

"Fulmen," murmured Ralph, who felt a pang of remorse at his heart, "I have loved you; love you still."

She shook her head.

"The dead are never loved," she said, sadly.

Ralph trembled. He felt his blood curdle in his veins. He remembered his oath. Yet Fulmen did not complain. She did not overwhelm him with reproaches. She seemed resigned. He saw her lean her head upon her hand, a tear shone in her eye and a quiver passed through her frame.

"I am cold, she said, and, rising from the chair in which she had seated herself, she approached the fireplace, and bent as if to warm herself by the half extinguished brands. "The dead are always cold," she murmured.

"Heavens!" exclaimed Ralph, "you are not dead; but, dead or living, you are beautiful—more beautiful than any living woman—and I love you as on the day I first saw you."

"The dead are never loved," she repeated mournfully.

"But you are not dead. The limbs of the dead are frigid, the flesh corrupt, they cannot walk, they cannot speak; you are not dead—it is impossible.

"I am dead," repeated Fulmen, in a tone of authority which admitted of no question; "dead and yet I suffer."

"You suffer!" the Earl exclaimed.

"Yes. Because I died with a guilty thought in my heart. I remembered the ball where I met you. It was earthly love, not penitence, that engrossed my last hours. Yet if you, who are alive, can love me still, God will, perhaps, pardon me, and I shall suffer no longer."

"I do love you," cried Ralph, gazing at the young girl, so beautiful in her sadness. Yet a secret voice said within him: "Ah, if she were only alive!

A pale smile passed over the face of the phantom. It rose and advanced toward him. Ralph involuntarily shrunk back at its approach.

"You see," she said, mournfully, "it is always so, the living fear the dead."

"No, no!" said he, eagerly, ashamed of the momentary terror; "no, Fulmen, my beloved, come!"

She extended her hand and took that of the young man. Ralph uttered a cry. His hand was pressed by the cold, clammy fingers of a corpse. She let his hand fall.

"No," she repeated, in a half suffocated voice, "You see it cannot be; I shall suffer always!"

And she fled, while Ralph was so overpowered that he had no power to speak or move. The candles went out suddenly; silence reigned again in the chamber; the phantom had vanished.

* * * * * * *

The next day dawned bright and beautiful. The Baron de Roche Noire, who did not appear to notice the pallor and abstraction of the guest, proposed a hunt. The day was spent in the open air, and if the Earl thought of the occurrences of the last night, they seemed to him only as a bewildering dream. But with the return of darkness, and especially at the sight of the picture, the apparition again seemed a reality, and he determined to ascertain the truth. Pleading a headache he retired to his room, and extinguished the candles, he called softly, "Fulmen! Fulmen!" There was no answer. Again he called, "Fulmen, I love you, though dead."

Immediately the candles were relighted, and Fulmen again appeared. She threw off her winding sheet, and seated herself in a chair by his side. Her face had the cadaverous paleness of the tomb; her eyes were sad; her steps slow and painful; yet her exquisite beauty exerted the same fascination over him as when sparkling with life and vivacity.

"Fulmen, I love you!" he repeated, gazing at her with admiration.

"Yet if my hand should touch yours," she replied, with a sad smile, "you would utter a cry, as you did last night; the dead are always cold."

"Give me your hand, and you will see," said Ralph, extending resolutely his own. She took it, and again there came over him the same terrible sensation as before; but he had self-control enough to conquer it, and again to repeat, "I love you!"

A bright smile illuminated the features of Fulmen.

"My poor friend," she said, "I would gladly believe you, but if your love would end my suffering, it must be so profound, so ardent, that it can conquer even the desire to live. A tomb with me must have attractions for you, and you are but twenty-five, Ralph. At your age, life is sweet."

The Earl shook his head.

"To live without you is death; to be united to you, even in the tomb, would be life."

"Take care, my friend."

"Of what, dear Fulmen?" exclaimed Ralph, over whom the smile of the young girl seemed to exercise an overpowering fascination.

"Do you know," she said, "that if you utter such a wish, God may hear your prayer?"

"Ah, if he would! An eternity by your side would be infinite happiness."

"Ralph, my friend," interrupted Fulmen, while a smile of celestial joy shone in her face, "take care, you will die if you love me."

"I wish to die."

"But you are betrothed to my sister."

An exclamation of anger escaped him.

"I hate her," he said vehemently.

"Why!"

"Because she is alive, while you are dead. What has she done that she should enjoy the light of the sun, the perfume of flowers, the melody of birds? Was she any younger or more beautiful?"

"Ralph, you are unjust. My sister has no control over her destiny or mine."

"You are right, perhaps; but I swear to you that I will never marry Herminne. I wish to be yours, and only yours, forever."

"You are mad, my friend; I cannot accept happiness at such a sacrifice."

She rose slowly.

"Adieu, Ralph," she said. "Marry Herminne and pray for me."

"Fulmen! Fulmen?" exclaimed Ralph, falling on his knees at her feet. "Do not abandon me—I love you!"

"But your love is death."

"It is happiness, it is life."

His tone was so earnest, so touching, that the young girl hesitated.

"Let me live eternally with you," he persisted.

"Listen, my friend," she said at length, as if she could no longer resist his entreaties. "In this casket," pointing to a richly carved box which stood on the table, "there is a vial containing a dark liquid."

"And this liquid?"

"Is death."

"It is happiness," exclaimed Ralph, seizing the casket.

Fulmen stopped him by a gesture.

"Not yet," she said; "by and by—at midnight—but first reflect!"

Immediately the candles were extinguished, and he found himself in complete darkness.

If Earl Ralph had been a Frenchman, as soon as Fulmen disappeared, he would have opened the window and let the cool night air play upon his brow. Then the fever fit being over he would have said to himself, "All this is folly. I am twenty-five years old, an officer in the King's service, and am about to marry a young girl, blond as a Madonna, fair as a lily, who will bring me an income of one hundred thousand livres. I have only to be quiet and let things take their course."

After which he would have slept quietly and dreamed no more of Fulmen. But Ralph was a Scotchman, with an imagination as susceptible of exaltation as most of his countrymen of the land of mountain and mist. As soon as the phantom vanished, he relighted the candle by the aid of a half-extinguished fire-brand, and opening the casket, he took out the vial.

"Fulmen! Fulmen! wait for me! I am coming," he murmured, and swallowed the contents at a draught.

For a moment he experienced a strange and inexplicable sensation; a coldness in the chest; a heat in the head; then his eyes became heavy; his limbs trembled; an extreme languor crept over him, and he sank upon the floor, still murmuring faintly, "Fulmen, wait for me—I love you."

When Ralph swallowed the contents of the vial he expected to awake in the other world. He was mistaken; the vial contained only a narcotic, and he was very much astonished on opening his eyes to find himself in a bed, and to see the sun shining through the curtained windows. A lady sat by the bedside. It was Fulmen! but no longer the pale, sad Fulmen, with livid lips and form enveloped in a winding sheet; but Fulmen, fresh, radiant, joyous, in the same costume she wore at the fancy ball.

The reader will understand the explanation of this more readily than the young Earl, whose head was still somewhat confused from the effects of the narcotic. The young girl had wished to put the sudden passion of her ball room lover to the test; and with some difficulty she had persuaded her fond old father and her cousin Herminne to lend themselves to the mystification. A little ingenuity, some invisible assistance, a transparent glove of serpent skin, aided by the native superstition of the young Scotchman, were all that was necessary to the success of the scheme.

We need not say that the Earl, when he recovered his senses, was very glad to exchange his phantom bride for a living one.

DRAFTED!

Facing the common, in a small inland village in Massachusetts, stood the residence of the young minister, Rev. James Blanchard. Though neither pretentious nor costly, its surroundings and appointments evinced a delicate and refined taste. Flowers in rich variety lined the walk that led up to the front door, or climbed the trellis which served as a rustic porch.

The pleasantest room in the house was the young minister's study. Here, again, there were signs of a refined and cultivated taste. Shelves crowded with well-chosen books in many departments of literature only left sufficient room along the walls for a few choice engravings and photographs. Here was the face of Goethe, pronounced in his twentieth year the handsomest youth in Europe; and Schiller, who divides with him the literary honors of the great Teutonic tongue. Next is a photograph of the Coliseum by moonlight, showing the exquisite softness in which Roman photographs excel. Beside it hangs a Venetian photograph—a palace rising out of the sea, a gondola in front into which a merry party are stepping. These and other pictures which adorn the minister's study were brought by him from Europe, where he had passed the two years subsequent to his graduation from the theological school.

It may be asked how, with all these advantages, James Blanchard had been content to settle down in the little village of Gresham on a salary of five hundred dollars. Undoubtedly he might have obtained other settlements more alluring in a worldly point of view. Indeed he had received overtures from a wealthy society in a neighboring city since his settlement here, but he was little influenced by ambition, and the evident solicitude of his more humble parishioners lest he should leave them dispelled at once any lingering irresolution in his own mind. In his worldly circumstances he was independent of his profession, and indeed the small stipend which he received from his parish was nearly all expended for the benefit of others.

He sat at his study-table on the afternoon of which I am speaking, busily engaged in preparing a discourse for the following Sunday, when a lady somewhat past middle age entered the room. Despite the difference in age she was sufficiently like him to indicate the relationship.

"Well, mother," said the young man pleasantly, looking up from his writing, "you look as if you had news for me."

"Yes, James," was the reply, "and I am sorry to say unpleasant news."

"Indeed, I hope not. Is any one sick?"

"Not that I have heard. It is something more nearly affecting yourself."

"Have my people got tired of me." asked the young man smiling, "and hinted at my resignation?"

"You are quite off the track. I fancy they have too much wisdom for that. But, not to keep you longer in suspense, you were drafted this morning, so I hear."

"Indeed; how did you learn this?"

"Quite directly. Our baker, you know, comes from C——, the town where the drafting is going on. He happened to be in the hall when the names for Gresham were called, and heard yours. He says he heard the name quite distinctly, so that there can be no doubt about it."

"Do you call that bad news, mother?" said the young man quietly.

"Certainly. It is equivalent to a tax of three hundred dollars."

"Even if it were, I ought not to be unwilling to contribute so much toward my country's necessities. But there is another alternative."

"Procuring a substitute. That will be as expensive."

"I don't mean that."

"You don't mean to go?" demanded Mrs. Blanchard, hastily.

"Why should I not, mother? My impression is that the Government stands in greater need of men than money."

"But not of such men as you are, James."

"I hope you don't think I would make a poor soldier, mother?"

"You could never bear the hardships of a military life."

"I don't know that. Have you forgotten my gymnastic training in College? I belonged to a boat-club that stood as high as any in its time, and I don't think I have lost all my strength yet."

Mrs. Blanchard was a woman, and defeated at one point, shifted her ground to another.

"Besides, James (admire the ingenious use of this word, which quietly ignored her son's refutation of her former argument)—"besides, how unfit you are in other ways for a common soldier. If you could be an officer it would be different. As a private you will be mixed up with all sorts of people, and have to mingle with them equally. You, with your education and refinement, would be thrown away in such a position.

"If my education and refined tastes, as you call them, unfit me to serve my country, they will do me little credit."

"But can't you serve it in some other way? Can't you send a substitute who would make your place good?"

"Doubtless I could, and I can conceive of circumstances which would make such a step the better course. But, unless absolutely necessary, my duty to my country is the last which I should be willing to shift upon other shoulders."

"But you have your duty to your church."

"There are others to whom I can intrust it—others who are not physically able to undertake military service. I think my parishioners will respect their minister none the less because he feels that at this time his duty to his country transcends his duty to them. I clearly understand that I shall meet with much that is repugnant to my tastes, and that I could indulge them better at home. This is a sacrifice which I am ready to make for my country."

"But, James, think of the peril. You may be shot; you may lose your life by disease. Think how lonely my life would be without you."

This she said in a faltering voice.

James rose and took his mother's hand.

"We are all called upon to sacrifice ourselves in some way to our country. That may be your sacrifice. There is many a mother in our land who weeps to-day in sore bereavement. I trust I shall be spared to return to you again. But it does not befit me to be disturbed by apprehensions when I am in the way of duty."

If you have fully decided that it is your duty, I will make no further opposition," said the mother, in a subdued voice.

No man's action is without its influence—certainly not that of a man occupying the important local position of James Blanchard.

I pass from the minister's study to a scene and a person quite different.

There was a small house, near the limits of the village, of one story, and unpainted. It evidently belonged to a family of limited means. In front of this house the peripatetic baker's wagon stopped.

A woman poorly clad came to the door.

"Well, Mrs. Thurston," said the baker, 'I've got some news for you."

"What is it, Mr. Carter?" she asked, with some curiosity.

"I happened to be in the hall up at C—— this morning when they were calling the list of drafted men in Gresham, and among them I heard your son Robert's name."

"Oh dear me!" sighed Mrs. Thurston; that's just the luck. Them that are most needed at home have to go. They take good care not to trouble them that can get off."

That's where you are mistaken. Who else do you suppose is taken?"

"I don't know, I'm sure."

"Your minister is among the lucky ones.

"What, Mr. Blanchard?"

"Yes; I heard his name called."

"It won't make much difference to him," said the woman bitterly. "He's got money, and he'll just pay his three hundred dollars and get off. As for poor Robert, he'll have to go. He couldn't pay three hundred dollars if it was to save his life, nor fifty dollars either."

"Well," said the baker, I reckon the minister will pay the money. He don't look much as if he'd relish eating hard tack and sleeping on boards or on the ground. But I must be going, or I sha'n't be home to-night."

Mrs. Thurston went back to her work nourishing hard thoughts of the minister. Her lot in life had not been the easiest, yet she had never been without the necessaries of life. Her son Robert was a stout young man of two-and-twenty, who had remained at home, while his elder brothers and sisters had removed to a distance. He worked by the day for neighboring farmers, and the amount which he paid at home for board contributed to pay the household expenses. His mother was not one of those who are disposed to look on the bright side of things. She was somewhat given to cherish envious feelings toward those whom she considered more prosperous or in a higher social position than herself. Hence, though she has no personal reason for complaining of the minister, who had treated her with as much consideration as any one in the parish, her inward bitterness would occasionally find vent, as in the present instance.

When Robert came home she communicated the information she had obtained from the baker.

"Well, mother, I'm in good company," he said, cheerfully.

"You mean the minister?"

"Yes, he has been drafted too."

"That is all it will come to. He'll never go."

"Why won't he?"

"You won't catch him going. He'll pay the money first."

"You are mistaken about that, mother. He has made up his mind to go."

"You don't mean so, Robert?" said Mrs. Thurston, in a genuine amazement. "Who told you?"

"Somebody not likely to be mistaken. He told me so himself, not half an hour since, in the store."

"Well, I'd never have thought it!" ejaculated Mrs. Thurston.

"Besides that, he had heard of my being drafted, and offered, if it would make my mind any easier about going, to give me fifty dollars to leave with you."

Mrs. Thurston did not utter a word, but her bitterness was very sensibly diminished. Neither did she interpose any further objections to her son's going. The Union has gained two good soldiers; for I am quite confident that one acting from such ideas of duty as the young minister of Gresham cannot fail to be a valuable accession to the ranks of our brave soldiers.—*Harper's Weekly.*

Miscellaneous.

A NORWEGIAN GAARD.

The master of the *gaard* or estate, impressed you as a sort of natural prince, tall, strong, with commanding features, and long, black hair and an air of genuine dignity. He wore the red woollen cap and the usual costume of the farmers. At each door as he opened it, he stepped back, and bowed to let me in. I was shown into a large room, with a handsome, uncarpeted floor. The furniture was singular. On each side of the apartment were some splendid carved cabinets and tables, black, with gilding—one with white panels, having pictures in them—while in the midst of the room, a common deal table stood with enormous legs, just such as one would see in an English country ale-house. Near the door was a long, old clock, such as every New Englander is familiar with in his oldest village houses. A decanter was brought in with a cordial, and a glass poured out for me. This custom of the welcoming drink dates back as far as the early Vikings. It is mentioned in all the sagas. I asked if they had any objections to showing a stranger the house. They had not, and taking a bunch of keys, the master took me over one or two of the houses There was an immense number of bed-rooms, with plain, farmer-like furnishing; others with elegant curtained beds, and pieces of splendid furniture. In the store-rooms and attic were the winter coats, the bear skins and furs, and reindeer boots, and high water boats; the blankets and comfortables and dresses; then the little sleds and sleighs for the snow, the piles of round, oat meal cakes, each a foot in diameter, kept for the food of the laborers, heaps of birch bark for tanning, spinning-wheels for weaving, shoe-blocks for shoe-making; for on these farms all trades are carried on. Then to the kitchen—a still separate house again, with a sort of stone range in a corner, over which is a little roof completely overshadowing it, and carrying off the smoke and flames of the cooking. In another part was a great tin tub for baking bread, and large vats or vessels for boiling. One side of the kitchen was occupied with beds for the servants. The next little log-house seemed to be for keeping preserved meats; another was used for some common farm purposes, and had a little cupola and bell, which is often seen in the Norwegian farm-clusters, and has a most picturesque effect. It gives a centrality to each group as though they made up *one* home. There were, I think, eight of these log-houses in this gaard. The old Icelandic homesteads had often thirty or forty houses.

My host next took me to the stables, though the "creatures" as he informed me were in the *saetters*. These are beautiful little green pastures on the heights of the mountains, where the cattle stay in summer, under the charge of two or three dairy-maids and men who there make their butter and cheese for winter.

The barns in Central Norway, though often old, have the modern improvements—being usually built on a side hill, with two or three entrances to each story, and with two apertures for sliding the hay or grain down to the stalls beneath. The lower story is the cattle stall, each stall being constructed of two large slabs of slate, so that you look up on entering, a long range of upright, stone slabs, which makes the separating walls of each stall; the floor is of wood, and the feeding-place a trough, with bars above, as in our own barns. The barns, as well as other buildings, are elevated on little stone supports to save them from the destructive invasions of the cunning rats.

One part of the under story was slabbed out for sheep and pigs. I was surprised to see an old threshing-machine here—the wheels turned by a horse moving in a circle below, a primitive looking thing, but the owner said very useful. He has about one hundred cows, thirty horses, and one hundred of sheep and swine. I talked with one old man about his farm. He said they would be very glad of some of the new American machines; he had heard of the horse-rake. The The reaper would not do well here, owing to their hilly and stony ground. He had one machine which he had invented himself, for sifting, which he showed me. He said that they had sent twenty-five men from his gaard alone to America, who were doing well. "Would you go?" said my friend. "Not to be King," said he, "if they had one!"

These Bonder landlords are evidently the muscle bone of Norway, and when greater enlightenment and modern enterprise shall reach them, we shall see what a nation this vigorous old Norse people can yet make.—*Norse Folk, by C. L. Brace.*

ADVANTAGE OF LADIES' SOCIETY.

It is better for you to pass an evening once or twice a week in a lady's drawing room, even though the conversation is rather slow, and you know the girl's song by heart, than in a club, tavern, or in a pit of a theatre. All amusements of youth, to which women are not admitted, rely upon it, are deleterious in their nature. All men who avoid female society have dull perceptions, and are stupid, or have stupid or gross tastes, and revolt against what is pure. Your club swaggerers, who are sucking the butts of billiard cues all night, call female society insipid. Beauty has no charm for a blind man; music does not please a poor beast who does not know one tune from another, and a true epicure, is hardly ever tired of anchovy and brown bread and butter. I protest I can sit all night talking to a well regulated, kindly woman, about her girl coming out, or her boy at Eton, and like the evening's entertainment. One of the great benefits man may derive from woman's society is, that he is bound to be respectful to them. The habit is of great good to your moral men, depend upon it. Our education makes us the most eminently selfish men in the world. We fight for ourselves, we yearn for ourselves, we light our pipes and say we won't go out, we prefer ourselves and our ease; and the greatest good that comes to man from a woman's society is, that he has to think of somebody besides himself, to whom he is bound to be constantly attentive and respectful.

A STORY OF A JACK-KNIFE.

In 1817, a youth, then resident in Maine, owned a jack-knife, which, he being somewhat of a trading disposition, sold out for a gallon of West India rum. This he retailed, and with the proceeds purchased two gallons, and eventually a barrel, which was followed in due time by a large stock. In a word, he got rich, and became the Squire of the district through the possession and sale of the jack-knife, and an indomitable trading industry. He died worth property in real estate, and money value for $80.000. This was divided by testament among four children—three boys and a girl. Luck, which seemed to be the guardian angel of the parent, deserted the children; for every folly and extravagance they could engage in, seemed to occupy their exclusive attention and cultivation.

The daughter married unfortunately and her patrimony was soon thrown away by her spendthrift of a husband. The sons were no more fortunate, and two of them died of dissipation and poverty. The daughter also died. The last of the family lived for many years on the kindness of those who knew him in prosperity. He also died suddenly and unattended in a barn, where he had laid himself down to take a drunken sleep! On his pockets being examined, all that was found was a string and a jack-knife! so the fortune that begun with a jack-knife, only left its simple duplicate. We leave the moral to be drawn in whatever fashion it may suggest itself to the reader, stating that the story is a true one, and all the facts well known to many whom this relation will doubtless reach.

CLOVES.

Cloves are unopened flowers of a small evergreen tree that resembles in appearance the laurel or the bay. It is a native of the Molucca, or Spice Islands, but has been carried to all the warmer parts of the world, and is largely cultivated in the tropical regions of America. The flowers are small in size, and grow in large numbers, in clusters at the very end of the branches. The cloves we use are flowers gathered before they are opened, and whilst they are still green. After being gathered they are smoked by a wood fire, and then dried in the sun. Each consists of two parts a round head, which is the four petals or leaves of the flowers rolled up, inclosing a number of small stocks or filaments. The other part of the clove is terminated with four points, and is, in fact, the flower cup and the unripe seed vessel. All these parts may be distinctly shown, if a few cloves are soaked a short time in hot water, when the leaves of the flowers soften and readily unroll. The smell of cloves is very strong and aromatic, but not unpleasant. Their taste is pungent, acrid, and lasting. Both the taste and smell depend upon the quantity of oil they contain. Sometimes the oil is separated from the cloves before they are sold, and the odor and taste in consequence is much weakened by this proceeding.—*California Farmer.*

BAYOUS.

Bayous, (pronounced By-u) of which we hear so much of late, are the offshoots of large rivers along the low alluvial regions of the South-west. The word is French, and means a gut or channel, and many of them are as jagged and serpentine in their course as the intestines themselves, and a good deal longer in their measurement. Some of them, for example, will strike away from the parent waters, and make a long voyage of discovery through the unknown interior of the country; and after visiting the most outlandish places, here and there, and everywhere, bending and doubling, and curving themselves into all sorts of fantastic shapes, return once more to the bosom of their mother, often scores and even hundreds of miles from the original starting point of their wanderings. They are mostly sluggish streams, not very deep nor very wide; and they form a net-work of communication through most of the Mississippi country.

THE EVIL OF REVENGE.

A pure and simple *revenge* does in no way restore man toward the felicity which the injury did interrupt. For revenge is but doing a simple evil, and does not, in its formality, imply reparation; for the mere repeating of our own right is permitted to them that will do it by charitable instruments. All the ends of human felicity are secured without revenge, for without it we are permitted to restore ourselves; and therefore it is against natural reason to do an evil, that no way co-operates towards the proper and perfective end of human nature. And he is a miserable person, whose good is the evil of his neighbor; and he that revenges, in many cases, does worse than he that did the injury.

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SALE OF PUBLIC LANDS.

LAND OFFICE,
BANGOR, JUNE 1, 1863.

In pursuance of law as defined in chapter 5, section 32, Revised Statutes, and of orders from the Governor and Council, approved February 5, and March 25, 1863, I hereby give notice that the following schedule of Lands will be offered for sale on TUESDAY, at 1 o'clock, noon, on the first day of September next, at the Land Office at a price per acre not less than the minimum fixed in the advertised list.

The sale to be by sealed proposals in conformity with the provisions of the foregoing Chapter and Section, which require that ten per centum of the minimum price of the township or part thereof, shall accompany each proposal, which sum shall constitute a part of and be allowed in the cash payment to be made upon the township or tract purchased.

The person making the highest bid above the minimum price shall be declared the purchaser, and on payment of one-third of the purchase money in cash, including the ten per cent. of the minimum price deposited, the Land Agent shall make out and deliver to him a conditional deed, in the usual form of State deeds, of the tract by him purchased, taking for the remainder of the purchase money, three promissory notes for equal sums, payable annually in one, two and three years, with interest, and a bond with sufficient surety for the payment of a fair stumpage of all timber cut thereon, to be applied to the payment of the notes.

The sum deposited by any other bidder, who does not become a purchaser, may be withdrawn by him at any time after the bids are declared and recorded."

Township, Number and Range.	No. of Acres.	Minimum Price per Acre.	Minimum Sum required.
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